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## HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE, WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

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[CONTINUED.]

XV. KENNETH, third EARL OF SEAFORTH, was born at Brahan Castle in 1635, and when he arrived at five or six years of age, his father placed him under the care of the Rev. Farquhar MacRa, then minister of Kintail and constable of Islandonan Castle, who kept a seminary in his house attended by the sons of the neighbouring gentlemen who kept young Seaforth company.\* He followed the example of his father in his latter days, became entirely identified with the fate of Charles II., and devoted himself unremittingly to the services of that monarch during his exile. Earl Kenneth, from his great stature, was known among the Highlanders as *Coinneach Mòr*. On the King's arrival at Garmouth in June 1650 his reception throughout the whole of Scotland was of a most cheering character, but the Highlanders, who had always favoured the Stuarts, were particularly joyous on the return of their exiled king. After the defeat of the Scotch army by Cromwell at Dunbar—a defeat brought about entirely by the interference of the Committee of Estates and Kirk with the duties of those who had charge of the forces, and whose plans, were they allowed to carry them out, would have saved our country from the first real defeat Scotland ever received at the hands of an enemy—the King determined to find his way north and throw himself on the patriotism and loyalty of his Highland subjects. He was, however, captured and taken back to Perth, and afterwards to Edinburgh, by the Committee of Estates, on whom his attempted escape to the Highlands “produced a salutary effect,” when they began to treat him with more respect, admitting him to their deliberations. A considerable num-

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\* The author of the Ardintoul MS. writing on this subject, says:—“This might be thought a preposterous and wrong way to educate a nobleman, but they who would consider where the most of his interests lay, and how he was among his people, followers, and dependants, on which the family was still valued, perhaps will not think so, for by this the young lord had several advantages; first, by the wholesome, though not delicate or too palatable diet he prescribed to him, and used him with, he began to have a wholesome complexion, so nimble and strong, that he was able to endure stress and fatigue, labour and travel, which proved very useful to him in his after life; secondly,

ber of the Highlanders were now up in arms to support the King; but the Committee having Charles in their power, induced him to write letters to the Highland chiefs desiring them to lay down their arms. This they refused to do, and to enforce the King's orders a regiment, under Sir John Brown, was despatched to the North, but they were surprised and defeated on the night of the 21st October by Sir David Ogilvy of Airley. On learning this intelligence, General Leslie hastened north with a force of 3000 cavalry. General Middleton, who had joined the King's friends in the North, and who was then at Forfar, hearing of Leslie's advance, sent him a letter enclosing a copy of "a bond and oath of engagement, which had been entered into by Huntly, Athole, the Earl of Seaforth, and other leading Highland chiefs, by which they had pledged themselves on oath, to join firmly and faithfully together, and 'neither for fear, threatening, allurements, nor advantage, to relinquish the cause of religion, of the king, and of the kingdom, nor to lay down their arms without a general consent; and as the best undertakings did not escape censure and malice, they promised and swore, for the satisfaction of all reasonable persons, that they would maintain the true religion, as then established in Scotland, the National Covenant and the Solemn League and Covenant, and defend the person of the King, his prerogative, greatness, and authority, and the privileges of parliament, and the freedom of the subject.'" Middleton pointed out that the only object of himself and his friends was to unite Scotsmen in defence of their common rights, and that, as would be seen from this bond, the grounds on which they entered into association were exactly the same as those professed by Leslie himself. Considering all these circumstances, and seeing that the independence of Scotland was at stake, all Scotsmen should join for the preservation of their liberties. Middleton proposed to join Leslie, to place himself under his command, and expressed a hope that he would not shed the blood of his countrymen or force them to shed the blood of their brethren in self-defence. These communications ended in a treaty between Leslie and the leading Royalists on the 4th November at Strathbogie, by which Middleton and his followers received an indemnity, and laid down their arms.\*

he did not only learn the language but became thoroughly acquainted with, and learned the genius of, his several tribes or clans of his Highlanders, so that afterwards he was reputed to be the fittest chief or chieftain of all superiors in the Highlands and Isles of Scotland; and thirdly, the early impressions of being among them, and acquaint with the bounds, made him delight and take pleasure to be often among them and to know their circumstances, which indeed was his interest and part of their happiness, so that it was better to give him that first step of education than that which would make him a stranger at home, both as to his people, estate, and condition; but when he was taken from Mr Farquhar to a public school, he gave great evidence of his abilities and inclination for learning, and being sent in the year 1651 to the King's College at Aberdeen, under the discipline of Mr Patrick Sandylands, before he was well settled or made any progress in his studies, King Charles II., after his army had been defeated at Dunbar the year before, being then at Stirling recruiting and making up his army, with which he was resolved to march into England, the young laird was called home in his father's absence, who was left in Holland (as already described), to raise his men for the King's service, and so went straight to Kintail with the particular persons of his name, viz., the Laids of Pluscardy and Lochsline, his uncles; young Tarbat, Rory of Davechmalusk, Kenneth of Coul, Hector of Fairburn, and several others, but the Kintail men, when called upon, made a demur and declined to rise with him, because he was but a child, and that his father, their master, was in life, without whom they would not move, since the King, if he had use for him and for his followers, might easily bring him home."

\* Balfour, vol. iv., p. 129. Highland Clans, p. 285.

In 1651, after the disastrous battle of Worcester, in which Charles was completely defeated by Cromwell, and at which we find Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, as one of the Colonels of foot for Inverness and Ross, as also Alexander Cam Mackenzie, fourth son of Alexander, fifth of Gairloch, James fled to the Continent, and, after many severe hardships and narrow escapes, he ultimately found refuge in France, where, and in Flanders, he continued to reside, often in great distress and want, until the Restoration, in May 1660, when he returned to England, we are told, "indolent, selfish, unfeeling, faithless, ungrateful, and insensible to shame or reproach." The Earl of Cromarty informs us that subsequent to the treaty agreed to between Middleton and Leslie at Strathbogie, "Seaforth joined the King at Stirling. After the fatal battle of Worcester he continued a close prisoner till the Restoration of Charles." He was excepted from Oliver Cromwell's Act of Grace and Pardon in 1664, and his estate was forfeited without any provision being allowed out of it for his lady and family. He supported the cause of the King as long as there was an opportunity of fighting for it in the field, and when forced to submit to the opposing powers of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, he was committed to prison, where, with "much firmness of mind and nobility of soul," he endured a tedious captivity for many years, until Charles II. was recalled, when his old and faithful friend Seaforth was released, and became a favourite at his licentious and profligate Court. During the remainder of his life little or nothing of any importance is known regarding him, except that he lived in the favour and merited smiles of his sovereign, in undisputed possession and enjoyment of the extensive estates and honours of his ancestors, which, through his faithful adherence to the House of Stuart, had been nearly overwhelmed and lost during the exile of the second Charles and his own captivity. Regarding the state of matters then, the Laird of Applecross, a contemporary writer, says that the "rebels, possessing the authority, oppressed all the loyal subjects, and him with the first, his estate was overburthened to its destruction, but nothing could deter him so as to bring him to forsake his King or his duty. Whenever any was in the field for him, he was one, seconding that falling cause with all his power, and when he was not in the field against the enemy, he was in the prison by him until the restoration of the King."

Seaforth, after he was restored to liberty, received a commission of the Sheriffship of Ross on the 23d of April 1662, afterwards renewed to himself and his eldest son, Kenneth, jointly, on 31st July 1675, and when he had set matters right at Brahan, he visited Paris, leaving his Countess, Isabella Mackenzie, daughter of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat, and sister to the first Earl of Cromarty, in charge of his domestic affairs in the North. During his absence occurred that incident, already so well-known to the reader that it is unnecessary to reproduce it here, which, it is said, ended in the Brahan Seer uttering the famous and remarkable prediction regarding the fate of the family of Seaforth, which has been so literally fulfilled.\*

It appears from the following that a coolness existed between

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\* For this Prophecy and its wonderful fulfilment, see "The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer," by Alex. Mackenzie. A. & W. Mackenzie, Inverness, 1878.

the Mackenzies and the Munros :—" At Edinburgh, the 23d day of January, 1661 years, it is condescended and agreed as follows, that is to say, We, Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, and John Munro, younger of Fowlis, taking to our consideration how prejudicial it hath been to both our families that there hath not been of a long time, so good a correspondence betwixt us as was befitting men of that conjunction and neighbourhood, and of what advantage it will be to us, to live in good correspondence and confederacy one with another, and to maintain and concur for the weal of either. For the which causes, We, the said noble Lord and John Munro, younger of Fowlis, taking burthen on us for our friends, kinsmen, and all others whom we may stop or let, do, by these presents, bind and oblige us and our heirs faithfully upon our honours to maintain and concur with each other, for the good of both and our foresaids, and to prevent as much as in us lies, what may be to the prejudice of either of us, or of any in whom either of us may be concerned in all time coming, as witness these presents subscribed by us the place, day, month, and year, above written and mentioned, before these witnesses. Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, Colin Mackenzie of Redcastle, Lieut.-Colonel Alex. Munro, and Major Alex. Munro, Commissar of Stirling, *Sic Subscriptur*, Seafort, John Munro."

His Lordship's heir and successor, Kenneth, Lord Kintail, was "undoubted Patron of the Paraich Kirk and Parochin of Inverness," for in consideration of Robert Robertson, Burgess of Inverness, paying a certain sum for the teind sheaves and parsonage teinds of all and sundrie these 50 acres and a-half of land of the territerie and burgage lands of the burgh of Inverness, "therefore will ye us, the said Kenneth, Lord Kintail, with consent foresaid, as having right in manner above-written—and as the said Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, as taking the full burden in and upon us for the said Kenneth, Lord Kintail, our son, to the effect after-rehearsed, to have sold, annailzed, and disposed, &c., &c., and we, the said Kenneth, Lord Kintail, as principale, and the said Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, our father, as cautioneer, &c., &c.\*"

Kenneth was married early in life, as already stated, to Isabel, daughter of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat, father of the first Earl of Cromarty, by whom he had issue, first, Kenneth Og, who succeeded him; second, John Mackenzie of Assynt, who had a son, Alexander, by Sibella, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, third of Applecross, by whom he had one son, Kenneth, who, in 1723, died without issue; and third, Colonel Alexander Mackenzie, also designed of Assynt, and of whom the line of the last Lord Seaforth, Francis Humberstone Mackenzie; another son, Hugh, died young. Of four daughters, Margaret married James, second Lord Duffus; Ann died unmarried; Isabel, first married Roderick Macleod of Macleod, and secondly, Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochnell; and Mary married Alexander Macdonald of Glengarry. This, the third Earl died in December 1678, and was succeeded by his eldestson.

XVI. KENNETH, fourth EARL OF SEAFORTH and fifth LORD MACKENZIE OF KINTAIL, who was by the Highlanders called *Coinneach Og*, to distin-

\* Disposition recorded in the Commissary Court Books of Inverness, dated at Fortrose, 17th June 1698.



guish him from his father, and he at an early age discovered the benefits of the faithful adherence of his father to the fortunes of Charles II. In 1678 we find his name among those chiefs who, by a proclamation issued on the 10th October of that year, were called upon to give bond and caution for the security of the peace and quiet of the Highlands, which the leaders of the clans were bound to give, not only for themselves but for all of their name descended from their house. Notwithstanding all the laws and orders hitherto passed, the inhabitants and broken men in the Highlands were "inured and accustomed to liberty and licentiousness" during the late troubles and "still presumed to sorn, steal, oppress, and comit other violences and disorders." The great chiefs were commanded to appear in Edinburgh on the last Tuesday of February 1679, and yearly thereafter on the second Thursday of July, to give security, and to receive instructions as to the peace of the Highlands. To prevent any excuse for non-attendance, they were declared free from caption for debt or otherwise while journeying to and from Edinburgh, and other means were to be taken which should be thought necessary or expedient until the Highlands would be finally quieted, and "all these wicked, broken, and disorderly men utterly rooted out and extirpated." A second proclamation was issued, in which the lesser barons—heads of the several branches of clans—whose names are given, were to go to Inverlochy by the 20th of November following, *as they are, by reason of their mean condition, not able to come in to Edinburgh and find caution*, and there to give in bonds and caution for themselves, their men tenants, servants, and indwellers upon their lands, and all of their name descended of their family, to the Earl of Caithness, Sir James Campbell of Lawers, James Menzies of Culdares, or any two of them. These lists are most interesting, showing, as they do, the chiefs who were considered the great and lesser chiefs in those days. There are four Mackenzies in the former but none in the latter.\*

Kenneth was served heir male to his great-grandfather, Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, in the lands in the Lordship of Ardmearach and Earldom of Ross, on the 1st March 1681; was made a member of the Privy Council by James II. on his accession to the throne in 1685; and chosen a Companion of the most noble Order of the Thistle, on the revival of that ancient order in 1687. The year after the Revolution, which finally and for ever lost the British throne to the House of Stuart, Seaforth accompanied his royal master to France, but when that unfortunate Prince returned to Ireland in the following year to make a final effort for the recovery of his kingdom, he was accompanied by Earl Kenneth. Here he took part in the siege of Londonderry and other engagements, and as an expression of gratitude, James created him Marquis of Seaforth, under which dignity he repeatedly appears in different legal documents. This well-meant and well-deserved honour came too late in the falling fortunes and declining powers of the ex-sovereign, and does little more than mark the sinking monarch's testimonial and confirmation of the steady adherence of the chiefs of Clan Kenneth to the cause of the Stuarts. In Dundee's letter to "the Laird of Macleod," dated "Moy, June 23, 1689,"† in which he details

\* For full lists, see Antiquarian Notes, pp. 184 and 187.

† About this time Viscount Tarbat boasted to General Mackenzie of his great influence with his countrymen, especially the Clan Mackenzie, and assured him "that

his prospects, and gives a list of those who are to join him, he says, "My Lord Seaforth will be in a few dayes from Ireland to raise his men for the King's service," but the fatal shot which closed the career of that brilliant star and champion of the Stuart dynasty at Killiecrankie, arrested the progress of the family of Seaforth in the fair track to all the honours which a grateful dynasty could bestow; nor was this powerful family singular in this respect—seeing its flattering prospects withered at, perhaps, a fortunate moment for the prosperity of the British Empire. Jealousies have now passed away on that subject, and it is not our business here to discuss or confound the principles of contending loyalties. To check the proceedings of the Clan, Mackay placed a garrison of a hundred Mackays in Brahan Castle, the principal seat of the Earl of Seaforth, and an equal number of Rosses in Castle Leod, the mansion of Viscount Tarbat, both places of strength, and advantageously situated for watching the movements of the Jacobite Mackenzies.\*

Earl Kenneth seems to have left Ireland immediately after the Battle of the Boyne was fought and lost, and to have returned to the Highlands. The greater part of the North was hostile to the Government at the time, and General Mackay found himself obliged to march north, with all possible haste, before a general rising could take place under Buchan, who now commanded the Highlanders who stood out for King James. Mackay arrived within four hours' march of Inverness before Buchan knew of his approach, who was then at that place "waiting for the Earl of Seaforth's and other Highlanders whom he expected to join him in attacking the town." Hearing of the enemies proximity he at once retreated, crossed the river Ness, and retired along the north side of the Beaully Firth, through the Black Isle. In this predicament, Seaforth, fearing the consequences likely to result to himself personally from the part he had acted throughout, sent two of his friends to Mackay with offers of submission and of whatever securities might be required for his good behaviour in future, informing him that although he was bound to appear on the side of King James, he never entertained any design of molesting the Government forces or of joining Buchan in his attack on Inverness. The General replied that he could accept no other security than the surrender of his person, and conjured him to comply, as he valued his own safety and the preservation of his family and people, assuring him that in the case of surrender he should be detained in civil custody in Inverness, and treated with the respect due to his rank, until the will of the Government should be made known. Next day his mother, the Countess Dowager of Seaforth, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, went and pleaded with Mackay for a mitigation of the terms proposed, but finding the General inflexible, they then informed him that Seaforth would accede to any conditions agreed upon between them and Mackay. It was stipulated at this interview, that Seaforth should deliver himself up to be kept a prisoner

though Seaforth should come to his own country and among his friends, he (Tarbat) would overturn in eight days more than the Earl could advance in six weeks; yet he proved as backward as Seaforth or any other of the Clan. And though Redcastle, Coul, and others of the name of Mackenzie came, they fell not on final methods, but protested a great deal of affection for the cause."—*Mackay's Memoirs*, pp. 25 and 237.

\* Life of General Mackay, by John Mackay of Rockfield, pp. 36-37.

in Inverness, until the Privy Council decided as to his ultimate disposal. With the view to conceal this step on the part of the Earl from the Clan and his other Jacobite friends, it was agreed that he should allow himself to be seized at one of his seats as if he were taken by surprise, by a party of horse under Major Mackay. He, however, disappointed the party sent out to seize him, in excuse of which, he and his mother, in letters to Mackay, pleaded the delicate state of his health, which, they urged, would suffer from imprisonment. The Earl can hardly be blamed for declining to place himself absolutely at the disposal of such a body as the Privy Council of Scotland then was—many of whom would not hesitate to have sacrificed him, if by so doing they saw a chance of obtaining a share of his extensive estates.

Mackay became so irritated at the deception practised upon him that he resolved to treat the Earl's vassals "with all the rigour of military execution," and sent him word that if he did not surrender forthwith according to promise, he should carry out his instructions from the Privy Council, enter his country with fire and sword, and seize all property belonging to himself or to his vassals as lawful prize; and, lest Seaforth should suspect that he had no intention of executing his terrible threat, he immediately ordered three Dutch Regiments from Aberdeen to Inverness, and decided upon leading a competent body of horse and foot in person from the garrison at Inverness, to take possession of Brahan Castle. He, at the same time, wrote instructing the Earl of Sutherland, Lord Reay, and the Laird of Balnagown, to send 1000 of their men, under Major Wishart, an experienced officer acquainted with the country, to quarter in the more remote districts of the Seaforth estates, should that extreme step become necessary. Having, however, a friendly disposition towards the followers of Seaforth, on account of their being "all Protestants and none of the most dangerous enemies," and being more anxious to get hold of the Earl's person than to ruin his friends, he caused information of his intentions to be sent to Seaforth's camp by some of his own party, as if from a feeling of friendship for him, the result being that, contrary to Mackay's expectations, Seaforth surrendered himself—thus relieving him from a disagreeable duty,\*—and he was committed prisoner to the Castle of Inverness. Writing to the Privy Council about the state of the disaffected chiefs at the time, Mackay says, "I believe it shall fare so with the Earl of Seaforth, that is, that he shall haply submit when his country is ruined and spoyled, which is the character of a true Scotsman, *wyse behinde the hand*."† By warrant, dated 7th October 1690, the Privy Council directed Mackay "to transport the person of Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, with safety from Inverness to Edinburgh, in such way and manner as he should think fit." This was done, and on the 6th of November following, he was confined a prisoner within the Castle of Edinburgh, but, little more than a year afterwards, was liberated on the

\* Though the General "was not immediately connected with the Seaforth family himself, some of his near relatives were, both by the ties of kindred and of ancient friendship. For these, and other reasons, it may be conceived what joy and thankfulness to Providence he felt for the result of this affair, which at once relieved him from a distressing dilemma, and promised to put a speedy period to his labours in Scotland."  
—Mackay's *Life of General Mackay*.

† Letters to the Privy Council, dated 1st September 1690.

7th January 1692, on finding caution to appear when called upon, and on condition that he would not go ten miles beyond Edinburgh. He appears not to have kept within these conditions, for he is shortly afterwards again in prison, but almost immediately makes his escape; is again apprehended on the 7th of May, the same year, at Pencaitland, and again kept confined in the Castle of Inverness, from which he is ultimately finally liberated on giving satisfactory security for his peaceable behaviour.\*

The following is the order for his release:—"William R., Right trusty and right-well-beloved Councillors, &c., we greet you well. Whereas we are informed that Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, did surrender himself prisoner to the commander of our garrison at Inverness, and has thrown himself on our Royal mercy; it is our will and pleasure, and we hereby authorise and require you to set the said Earl of Seaforth at liberty, upon his finding bail and security to live peaceably under our Government and to compare before you when called. And that you order our Advocate not to insist in the process of treason waged against him, until our further pleasure be know therein. For doing whereof this shall be your warrant, so we bid you heartily farewell. Given at our Court at Kensington, the first day of March 1696-7, and of our reign the eighth year. By his Majesty's command.

(Signed), "TULLIBARDINE."

During the remaining years of his life Seaforth appears to have lived mainly in France. His necessary absence from his country during the protraction of political irritation and, indeed, the exhausted state of his paternal revenues, would have rendered his residence abroad highly expedient, and we find accordingly discharges for feu-duties granted, viz:—"I, Maister Alexander Mackenzie, lawful brother to the Marquis of Seaforth, grants me to have received from John Mathesone, all and hail the somme of seaven hundred and twentie merks Scots money, and that in complete payment of his duties and of the lands of both the Fernacks and Achmakerich, payable Martimass ninety (1690), dated 22d November 1694;" and another by "Isabel, Countess Dowager of Seaforth, in 1696, tested by 'Rorie Mackenzie, servitor to the Marquis of Seaforth.'" There is another original discharge by "me, Isabel, Countess Dowager of Seaforth, Lady Superior of the grounds, lands, and oyes under-written," to Kenneth Mackenzie of Achterdonell, dated at Fortrose, 15th November 1697. Signed, "Isobell Seaforth."† All this time it may be presumed Earl Kenneth was in retirement, and taking no personal part in the management of his estates for the remainder of his life.

His clansmen, however, seem to have been determined to protect his interest as much as lay in their power. A certain Sir John Dempster of Pitliver had advanced a large sum of money to Seaforth and his mother, the Countess Dowager, and obtained a decreet of Parliament to have the money refunded to him. The cash was not forthcoming, and Sir John obtained letters of horning and arrestment against the Earl and his mother, and employed several officers to execute them, but they returned the letters unexecuted, not finding *notum accessum* in the Earl's country, and they refused altogether to undertake the due execution of them, unless

\* History of the Highland Clans, Records of the Privy Council, and Mackay's Memoirs.

† Allangrange Service, on which occasion the originals were produced.

they were assisted by some of the King's forces in the district, Sir John petitioned for this, and humbly craved their Lordships to allow him "a competent assistance of his Majesty's forces at Fort-William, Inverness, or where they are lying adjacent to the places where the said diligence is to be put in execution to support and protect the messengers" in the due execution of the legal diligence against the Earl and his mother, "by horn-ing, poinding, arrestment, or otherways," and to recommend to the Governor at Fort-William or the commander of the forces at Inverness, to grant a suitable force for the purpose. The Lords of the Privy Council, having considered the petition, recommended Sir Thomas Livingstone, commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces, to order some of these officers already mentioned, to furnish the petition "with competent parties of his Majesty's forces" to support and protect the messengers in the due execution of the "legal diligence upon the said decreet of Parliament."\* We have not learned the result, but it is not likely to have proved very profitable to Sir John Dempster.

Kenneth married Lady Frances Herbert, daughter of William, Marquis of Powis, an English nobleman, by whom he had issue, one son, William, and a daughter, Mary, who married John Careyl, Esq. He died at Paris in 1701, and was succeeded by his only son.

*(To be Continued.)*

#### THE HEATHER OF SCOTIA.

A song for the heather, the glory-crown'd heather,  
The pride of old Scotia, the land of the brave !  
To its praise let us blend our glad voices together,  
It smiles on the free but it knows not the slave !

In beauty it blooms upon liberty's track,  
Where valour and virtue hath chosen a home,  
And where our forefathers triumphant rolled back  
The tide of invasion, the legions of Rome !

A song for the heather, the glory-crown'd heather, &c.

Among it our light-hearted maidens so sweet,  
With lovers whose bosoms are faithful and bold,  
To soul-stirring numbers shake nimbly the feet,  
Pour'd forth by the blythe sounding warpipe of old !  
A song for the heather, the glory-crown'd heather, &c.

High o'er it the bright star of peace, fraught with fame,  
A rich, golden light sheds on mountain and glen ;  
But sound the proud slogan in freedom's lov'd name,  
And teem will the heather with noble-soul'd men !  
A song for the heather, the glory-crown'd heather, &c.

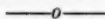
The Scot though he roams on earth's loveliest shore,  
This wish, ever-cherished, his manly breast fills,  
Oh ! when will kind Fate to its birth-place restore,  
A heart throbbing wild for its dear heather hills ?  
A song for the heather, the glory-crown'd heather, &c.

EDINBURGH.

ALEX. LOGAN.

\* For this document see "Antiquarian Notes," pp. 118-119.

## FEDERATION OF CELTIC SOCIETIES.



THE recent movement in favour of the union of all Highland Societies owes its origin to two powerful desires that have arisen in the minds of Highland patriots. First there is an anxiety to ameliorate the condition of the people, secondly, there is a wish for better political organisation. Are these aims laudable? Are the objects sought of pressing importance? Are the means fixed upon adequate to the ends in view? What is the ultimate meaning and what would be the probable issue of the national federation desiderated? These are the questions which offer themselves to many at this juncture. To some this new patriotic cry is vanity and vexation of spirit. Things, we are told, are pretty well as they are, or they are so bad that there is no means of mending them; and there is no alternative but to let events take their swing, or to move off, bag and baggage, to some Utopia rendered charming by the kindly but deceptive haze that softens into beauty the rough places far away. So speak our oracles, and so they answer each other. When our authorities are contradictory the only resource left for us, if we would not walk over the cliffs, is to trust to the light of our own reason. Well, then, what are the facts of the case? The industrial facts are these, that strong families are barely able to supply themselves with the necessaries of life, that labour is a drug in the Highland market, unremunerative whether applied to the croft or exchanged for capital, inert and unskilled, because there is nothing either to quicken or to develop it. The social facts are even more distressing. Independence cowers in the chill of want. Commercial honesty disintegrates in the long struggle with despair. Neighbourliness darkens into feud under the shadow of self interest. A piece of common in the middle of a township forms a bone of contention for half the community. Men of the same kith and kin, members of the same clan, fellows whose fathers would have died for each other, are here at war and discord. Alliance, good-feeling, trust, are here supplanted by disunion, envy, and jealousy. Misery there is indeed, but there is that which is worse than misery—evil. We ask as the sons of those who held these mountains for two thousand years how these things are so. We ask it as the representatives of the clan system, as the offspring of those who never betrayed a friend or cringed before a foe, as the descendents of warriors who won for their allies their proudest honours, yet fought not for honours or for reward, but for loyalty and for duty. Dire agencies must have been at work to produce such terrible social deterioration, such utter commercial bankruptcy. The fault is not that of the people. There is good feeling among Highlanders from home, and there is comfort among many of them too. Nor is nature to blame. There are fat sheep and straight-backed cattle, and rich red trout and plenty of salmon north of the Tay. There are as smiling corn-fields too as ever waved between the mountains and Marathon or between Marathon and the sea. The passes of the Grampians are not steeper than the passes of Athos; and Skye and Mull and Tyree are not more rocky than the “foaming Cyclades.” Freedom and reason have more to do with the



social weal than the contour of mountains. Freedom forsook the Greeks and straightway "all except their sun was set." Roman policy disintegrated the political coherence of the East. What is destroying Highland union? Who is Pontius Pilate here? What are the decrees of Caesar Augustus? Let him who will look around him and see. English law owes much to the Roman forum; has the lesson of provincial government been learned so faithfully too? When Pilate wants to do the Celts a favour does his clemency extend only to Tonal MacTavish, and does the favour consist in a slice of common which Pilate has no more right to than Tonal himself? And if this act of kindness foment social strife, is it not really a very cunning and effective piece of policy? If Tugal too is ready to doff his jacket when Tonal comes, is he not equally ready to doff his bonnet when Pilate appears? Here then is an important task to perform—to make Tugal keep on his jacket and his bonnet too. Independence and co-operation are the ends. Freedom and reasoning are the means. Here are planks for the platform of the Highland Sanhedrim.

But more important than Pilate is Caesar Augustus. The wattle sword of the clown is comparatively harmless in the hands of a giant; but the gleaming brand of Damocles is dangerous in the grasp of an infant. Thus he who makes laws has more influence over the destinies of a people than he who enforces them. But there are times when Herod himself takes up the steel; then indeed may Israel tremble. Has such a time appeared in our history? Our fathers may have been stubborn and perhaps blind in their policy a hundred years ago. We are willing to grant they were; yet we are not ashamed of the part they acted. Hearts so true, devotion so absolute merited kindness, not persecution, the favour of kings, not their ban. If the policy of the Highlanders lacked intelligence, the policy that crushed them lacked not only intelligence but humanity. Well, what followed the '46? Proscription—people dared not use their own garb, confiscation—the clans' right in the soil was lost, treachery—the chiefs turned their backs on the clans, tyranny—action, thought, and feeling were suppressed, extirpation—the sword proceeded to hold what it had conquered, misery—every condition of reasonable comfort was reft away—in a word political chaos, social discord, and material ruin. Honour to whom honour is due. These, O, Caesar! are thine.

Some of the causes which then arose have since resulted in gigantic issues. Their magnitude encompasses us on every side. They fetter and chain us with institutions rendered awful by time, sacred by the name of law, and terrible by the fasces of authority. What are we to do? Our political chains are so heavy that we cannot even shake them. Our friends from home cannot hear their clang. Some of us are asleep, drugged with the slave's virtue, contentment. Bankruptcy, contumely, misery, staring us in the face, the cruel goads of Herod at our backs, the jealousy and distrust of our race on either side—what is to be done? Shall we fling away the claymore, and fly every man as he is able? Never! We have shown our patience, now is the time to show our courage. There are no fetters so hard but steel will cut them, and reason is sharper than steel, and more cunning in overthrowing tyranny. Time was when the voice of reason was lost among the clangour of arms. It was so at Culloden; we suffer the consequences now. Let it be so no more. For a century the Highlanders

have groaned under a policy iniquitous in its principle, cruel in its administration, and disastrous in its issues. But that policy is one which would not have been inaugurated now although it is tolerated and even defended with all its blunders and shortcomings. The system of Government with which we have to deal is the most liberal and enlightened in the world, and what we need is patience so as to reason out and determine the remedies fitted to heal our infirmities, and courage so as to proclaim fearlessly what we believe and know to be true.

Urgent then is the need for a Highland Council. What we want is something like the Comitia Plebata of the Romans—a council to deliberate in great social and political questions, to recommend reforms to the Government, and to deal executively with Highland industry—in general, a council to devise means fitted to effect the political, social, and industrial amelioration of the people.

An institution such as is here desiderated would not only meet the present exigencies of Highland necessity, but it would supply a practical answer to one of the most contested questions of the day. The strife between centralization and local government is only deepening. Does not the golden mean lie here? A council that is deliberative but not legislative reflects local needs without disintegrating national coherence.

Courage then! The dawn of a new epoch in Highland history is already brightening in the East. On the 20th day of this month delegates from all the Highland Societies in the United Kingdom will meet in Glasgow to deal with the question of Federation. Perhaps that day will witness the establishment of the new Highland Parliament. And if this glorious end should be accomplished Britain will be stronger, as a giant is stronger when the fetters are struck off from a confined limb, the Highlander will be happier, as every man is happier the more liberty he has to act according to the law of his being, magnificent possibilities will be created, momentous issues will be precipitated, and the conscience of Highland History and the demands of universal justice will, in a measure, be satisfied.

Courage then! The battle we fight is the battle not of the Highlands only; it is the battle of Great Britain, it is the battle of freedom, of truth, of reason, of humanity.

MACHAON.

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“NETHER-LOCHABER,” OF THE “INVERNESS COURIER,” ON THE HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.—The Rev. Alexander Stewart, F.S.A.S., the Nether-Lochaber correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*, writes in the following very flattering terms:—“Allow me to congratulate you on your History of the Mackenzies, which, when completed, will be one of the most interesting things of the kind in the language. Your last chapter is particularly good, interesting, and well written; and I am glad to see you speak out like a man and a Highlander of the right stamp in praise of the great Marquis of Montrose, certainly one of the very noblest characters in Scottish history.”

## FAIRIES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

A BELIEF in fairies prevailed very much in the Highlands of old, nor at this day is it quite obliterated. The gently rising conical hills were assigned them as dwellings, and these were named sometimes Sin-shill, the habitation of a multitude, or Sitheanan—Sith, peace and dunan, a mound. This name was derived from the practice of the Druids, who were wont occasionally to retire to green eminences to administer justice, establish peace, and compose differences between parties. As that venerable order taught a Saoghal, or world beyond the present, their followers, when they were no more, fondly imagined that the seats where they exercised a virtue so beneficial to mankind were still inhabited by them in their disembodied state—and though inclined still to peace (hence named Daoine-Sithe, or men of peace), they have become not absolutely malevolent but peevish and repining, envying mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyment. They are supposed to enjoy in their subterraneous recesses a sort of shadowy happiness—a tinsel grandeur which, however, they would willingly exchange for the more solid joys of mortality. Those grassy eminences where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities “by the light of the moon,” are mostly by the sides of lakes and rivers, and by the skirts of these many are still afraid to pass after sunset.

About a mile beyond the source of the Forth above Loch Con there is a place called Coire Shithean, or the cove of the men of peace, which is still supposed to be a favourite place of their residence, and on the banks of the river Beaully there are many favourite spots for fairy homes. It is believed that if on Halloween any person alone goes round one of these little hillocks nine times towards the left a door will open by which he will be admitted into their subterraneous abodes. Many, it is said, mortal men have been entertained in their secret recesses. These have been received into the most splendid apartments and regaled with the most sumptuous banquets and delicious wines, and associated with their females, who surpass the daughters of men in beauty.

The *seemingly* happy inhabitants pass their time in festivity and in dancing to the softest music. But unhappy is the mortal who joins in their joys or partakes of their dainties. By this indulgence he forfeits for ever the society of men, and is bound down irrevocably to the condition of a Sithich, or man of peace, unless released by one possessed of the countervailing spell. They are supposed to be peculiarly anxious to strengthen their ranks by the acquisition of beautiful children, maidens, and wives, and to lose no opportunity of doing so by fair or foul means, as tradition abundantly has established, a year and a day being, however, allowed for a return to human society. The wife of a Lothian farmer had been snatched away by the fairies. During the year which followed she had repeatedly appeared on Sundays in the midst of her children combing their hair. On one of these occasions she was accosted by her husband, when she instructed him how to rescue her at the next Hallow-eve procession. The farmer coned his lesson carefully, and on the appointed day proceeded to a plot of furze to await the arrival of the procession. It came, but the ringing of the fairy bridles so confused them that the train

passed before he could recover himself sufficiently to use the intended spell. The unearthly laughter of the abductors and the passionate lamentations of his wife informed him that she was lost to him for ever. Another woman, as reported in Highland tradition, was conveyed in days of yore into the secret recesses of one of these *Sithe Dunan*. There she was recognised by one who had formerly been an ordinary mortal, but who had by some fatality become associated with the *Shithichean*. This acquaintance, still retaining some portion of human benevolence, warned her of her danger, and counselled her, as she valued her liberty, to abstain from eating and drinking with them for a certain space of time. She complied with the counsel of her friend, and when the period was over she found herself again upon earth restored to the society of mortals. It is also said that when she examined the food which had been presented to her, and the ornaments with which she had been decorated, all of which had appeared so enticing to the eye, they were found, now that the enchantment had been removed, the most worthless rubbish.

The following legendary tale is told in *Strathglass*, and is tinged with the colours of Celtic poetry and imagination. The story is of the same class with Washington Irving's "*Rip Van Winkle*," and it shows how universal tales of this description once were, peopling alike the forests of Germany, the wildernesses of the New World, and the glens of Scotland. "Among the *Braes of Strathglass* is a small round knoll, overgrown with birch, and watered by the romantic river *Glass*. The spot goes under the name of *Beatha Og*, or young birch, and has long been celebrated as a chosen abode of the fairies. One New-Year's eve or *Hogmanay* (*vide Burns or Jamieson's Dictionary*), when the people of the vale were making merry with pipe and dance, two trusty swains went for some whisky, to assist in prolonging the festivities. On their way home, while they carried an anker, or ten gallons, in a cask slung over their shoulders in a *woodie* (a twisted bundle of birch twigs), they had occasion to pass through the *Beatha Og*, when suddenly they heard music proceeding as if from under the ground. They looked round, and observing an opening on the side of the hill, they boldly entered. In a twinkling our adventurous Highlanders found themselves among a set of happy looking beings—male and female—all dancing, many of the group being old acquaintances whom they had, years before, assisted to carry to the grave. Drink was offered them, and the foremost of the two partook of the unblest cheer. His companion, suspecting all was not right, refused to participate, and endeavoured to prevail on his friend to return home. Donald, however, seemed obstinately wedded to the dance, and the good things before him, and refused to stir. The other departed alone, and gave a narrative of the whole adventure to his neighbours at the wedding. They searched for him everywhere, listening at every point and tree; but instead of unearthly minstrelsy they heard only the waving of the silvery birches and the gentle rippling of the stream. Daylight came, and the search was renewed, but in vain.

"Years slipped away without bringing any tidings of the lost man, and the whole *Strath* mourned for him. At length, exactly seven years afterwards, on New-Year's eve, the people were again met to welcome in the coming year. The companion of the lost man walked forth in the direction of the *Beatha Og*, to grieve for the fate of his friend. As he strolled

pensively along, he started at hearing the sound of fairy music—the same that had before led him astray—and he made up to the spot. There was the same opening in the brae, and, entering it, he found the same merry party with his long lost friend dancing like a true Highlander. The mirth and hilarity of the party seemed ominous, and the man, therefore, pulled out his skeen-dhu, and, fastening it in Donald's coat, began to pull him away. Now, it is a well-known fact in fairy lore, that, amongst their other good qualities, steel and iron have the power of depriving fairies of all potency over the human person. Donald was, accordingly, extricated from the hands of the good folk, but not before he had expressed his surprise at the hastiness of his friend in wishing to leave so merry a party. Upon his arrival at home, the joy of his family may be easily conceived; nor was Donald's astonishment less at finding the stir that had been made about his absence. His girls had grown to be almost women; the roses on his wife's cheek had been nipt by time and grief, and several of his neighbours had died. Upon feeling the shoulder on which he carried the whisky he found that the woodie, by the weight of the cask pressing it for so long a period, had sunk down to the bone, and that some bread and cheese, which he took with him, had crumbled into dust. Yet the seven years of fairy bliss appeared short as a dream!"\*

There is scarcely in all Scotland a tract of scenery so gorgeously and wildly—so magnificently—grand, and, at the same time, savage as the surroundings of Loch-Maree—so suited to be the home of fairy tribes. The ranges of mountains abound in the elements of the picturesque and awful—beginning in abrupt precipices or bluffs, and swells beside the clear, dark waters of the loch or at its bank, rising from the bed of the lake clothed to the very edge with the young birch and the long grasses from which peep the lily sedges and the meadow queen. Until of late years, and more particularly until last year, the wild territory embraced within its circuit was comparatively an unknown land to the tourist. Yet here nature can be contemplated in all its grandeur, and the traveller who ventures to explore these scenes will rarely fail to express his delight. Each islet and bay has a name suggestive of its character. Over these the mighty crags rise in ridges to the height of hundreds of yards, and throw their dark shadows over the still, dark waters below. Nothing can be grander than to stand upon the silent shore strewn with big masses of boulder stones, and gaze up to the pinnacles high overhead, where the hawk whistles shrilly as he poises himself for an instant ere he swoops down upon his prey, and the grey eagle floats majestically on his pinions through the clear blue of the still summer sky.

The wanderer who wishes to obtain a true idea of solitude has only to ascend one of those giants and look around him. There nature seems entirely dead. No sound will break upon his ears—upon a calm day—save the drowsy hum of the mountain bee rising like the tone of a distant fairy trumpet, and dying away o'er the golden moss-clad stones or purple heather, only to render the solitude more silent than before. But a calm day is not an every-day occurrence in those elevated spots. When the wind is strong wild feelings of vastness and loneliness fill the tourist's brain as he sits on some fragment gazing on the black cloud forms driving

\* Carruthers' "Highland Note Book."

before the gathering storm, or listens to the booming and rushings of the weird tempest spirit amid the fissured crags, or as it leaps over the sharp ridged edges into the ravines below.

In addition to the attractions of nature the district is rife with historical reminiscences and the legendary and romantic tales and traditions of the long ago.

"What is the name of that rock?" said I to a young country girl on the lake shore, pointing to a projecting mass on the hill side, over which dashed a mountain stream fringed with the hazel and the birch where it fell, and rushing down a narrow valley like a rift in the side of Ben Slioch.

"I thought, sir, every one knew the king's fairy palace."

"Is he ever seen now-a-days?"

"Indeed, he's not, but the old people often saw him, and Mary Bàn's grandmother and my own knew a young married woman who was carried away to be head nurse to the young prince."

"Do you remember the circumstances?"

"I'll tell you how it happened, sir."

"Many years ago there lived over at Erradale a rich farmer called Ewen Mackenzie, who had one daughter, Mary, a most beautiful girl, and just as good as she was handsome, and as old Ewen was known to be well off, she was courted by many of the young men in the country side, rich and poor. But it was hard to please her father, and harder still to please Mary Laghach. At last came a wooer who pleased both, and the match was soon made—and Charlie Maclean was the happiest man far or near, and when the bride was taken to her husband's home there was so great rejoicing that old Rory Dall, who remembered the battle of Bel Rinnnes, said he never saw or heard the like. Three days after going to her own house Mary disappeared. None knew whither she had gone or what had befallen her. She was searched for high and low by the neighbours, and poor Charlie, her husband, never ceased searching and mourning till he was almost out of his reason. At last, poor fellow, in his despair, he thought of taking counsel of an old wise man who had great skill of the Duine Sithe, and who lived at Gairloch. To him he went and asked him for tidings of his missing bride. 'If you came to me before,' said he, 'you'd have little trouble in finding her, but now I fear it's too late.'

"Why is it too late? Only tell me where she is and who has her in keeping. You shall be well paid for it—for if I once knew I would like to see the mortal man who would keep her from me.'

"Ochon," said the fairy man, 'she is in no mortal hands. Your wife,' added he solemnly, 'was stolen to be the head nurse of the young prince of the fairies, who was born last month. It is now March and it will be May eve before you can have the chance of seeing her, and it all depends on yourself if you can bring her back. Meantime take this purse. It is but little, yet you must keep it secretly and carefully like the apple of your eye. It is full of the dust of a certain plant of great power. If you can throw that dust on your wife you will be able to get her back, but you must hold her fast in your arms whatever will be done to fear you so as to let her go. You may even see her before May eve, so you had better watch the *cus chreag* and the *leum uisge* many a time and often, and always alone.'

"Charlie Maclean, I need not tell you, watched long and sore through



all weathers day and night like a very *caraiseach madaidh*. At last, though May eve had not come, he began to despair of ever seeing her and to have but little faith in the fairy man's purse and powder—but lo, and behold, he was soon convinced of their value and the truth of the old man's story. At sunrise, one morning as he was sitting on a crag opposite the Fairy Palace, he saw a beautiful rainbow spanning the glen and shining down on the palace and on the loch in front of it. Underneath this appeared something which, at first indistinct, gradually became more clear and substantial, until it assumed the appearance of a woman of surpassing beauty clothed in robes of heavenly blue, spotted all over with silver stars. The long golden hair fell over her shoulders till the ringlets twined round her feet, and her face and eyes were such that Charlie had never seen, even in a dream, any person so beautiful. Bewildered, he sat spell-bound, only half conscious he had seen her before—but the glamour of fairy wife was over him, and he could not recognise her person. The figure stood lightly on the water, as if to afford him a full view, gazing earnestly on him all the time. At length she advanced a few steps holding out her hands entreatingly, as if imploring his aid, and having remained stationary for a few moments, began to recede and gradually vanished amid the melting rays of the rainbow along with the morning vapours, but ere she finally disappeared beside the rock at the palace, casting a fond and sorrowful look to her husband. In an instant Charlie's recollection returned, and he cried in agony—'My wife, my wife, my darling Mary!' stretching out his arms unavailingly—but his beloved was gone, and he was doomed to watch and wearily wait for her return many a long night and day. But his confidence in the wise man had returned more strongly than ever, and he visited the Gairloch fiosaiche, carrying with him a good sum, and telling him if he succeeded by his aid in recovering his wife he would double the amount. 'Watch well and you will surely bring her back,' said the wise man. Charlie did watch well, and the day before May eve caught another glimpse of his wife as she stood below another rainbow over the lake, and looking far more beautiful than ever. This sight gave him more determination, and he set off in haste on another visit to his wise adviser. 'Now,' said his counsellor, 'to-morrow it will be impossible for you to see the fairy home without my help, but you shall have it. When you return take the path that leads to the mountains, and whatever you see or whatever occurs never show faint heart. All will come right.' As the sun went down Charlie took the path leading to the mountains. As he neared the western end of the lake he reached a boundary ditch where two lairds' lands met. He climbed the fence and jumped to reach the opposite land, but instead of alighting on the green turf he jumped on the back of an enormous black horse that seemed to rise out of the earth to meet him. He at once knew by the glaring eyes and snorting nostrils that the horse was none other than the Kelpie, and remembering the wise man's parting advice, he banished fear, and stooping forward fixed his hands in a firm grip of the flowing mane of his phantom steed, and thus holding prepared for the terrible ride he knew was before him. Away went the water-horse with a mighty rush like an arrow wind, now leaping and rearing and screaming and neighing wild yells—floundering and splashing through bogs and quagmires—rushing over fences, and

like lightning up the mountains, over crags, through burns and torrents, through ravine and glen, till after what appeared hours to Charlie, he suddenly stopped in a dark wet hollow, and rearing shook his rider to the ground, disappearing with a triumphant yell.

"Charlie sprung to his feet, and finding he was unhurt, looked around him. Over him were the giant mountains with their savage crests and wild ravines and yawning valleys. Up one of these, which he knew too well, for long had he watched it, he saw a noble road leading through the sloping wood and down it, and walking in it in a most stately and demure manner, a withered atomy of a man beautifully dressed, with a cocked hat on his head and a magnificent stand of pipes under his arm.

"A happy May eve to you Charlie Maclean," said the little man as he came up with a polite and dignified bow.

"The same to you, sir, and many," returned Charlie, "may I ask where this road leads."

"Why, you goose, ought you not to know it leads to the Fairy Palace, seeing you have watched it long enough? Don't you be trying your tricks on travellers, my fine fellow. However, come on, I'll lead the way, no matter who pays the piper."

"With that he tunes up his pipes and marched along the road, Charlie following. 'What tune do you like,' said he, turning round suddenly.

"Oh! Cailleach Liath Rarsair," answered Charlie, scarcely knowing what he said.

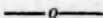
"It's a capital tune," said the atomy, and immediately striking it up played with such life and spirit that Charlie was so delighted as to feel able to fight the whole fairy court to rescue his wife.

"Now," said the little piper, as he finished the tune, "I haven't time to play more, else I'd give you the prettiest pibroch ever was battered through a chanter, for I must be going. Look up; there is the palace afore your eyes. One you know bade me tell you to stand in the porch till the company comes out to the green. Your wife will be among them. A word to a sensible man is enough. You have the purse of dust in your pocket. Use it, I say, use it whenever you see your wife." With that he struck up "Charlie is my Darling," and marched straight back down the road.

"The Fairy Palace was now showing bright in all its grandeur, and Charlie ran across the porch, and placing himself behind one of the large pillars, prepared to wait for the appearance of the company. He had not long to wait, for in a few minutes a troop of lords and ladies came forth to have a dance upon the green. Charlie's heart gave a great leap as he discovered his wife in their midst with the baby prince in her arms. He had emptied the purse into his hand, and now waited anxiously till she came opposite to him. Then, in an instant, he cast the dust on her head. The moment he did so a wild, angry, and terrible yell broke from the multitude and echoed through the passages and vaults of the palace. The child was snatched away, the bright throng disappeared, and Charlie Maclean and his wife, Mary, found themselves clasped in each other's arms at the foot of that rock that guards the entrance to the Fairy King's Palace. There was great joy when Mary was first taken home, but—it was little to her second home-coming."

TORQUIL.

## GAELIC AND CORNISH.



IN a short comparative study of the philological affinities of the Irish, Manx, Breton and Welsh languages, contributed to the *Gael* of November last, I spoke as follows :—"The careful consideration of such *word-growths* might enable us to determine some general laws, as to the special linguistic conditions under which, in these later ages, the several members of the great Celtic family have been marching on their several diverging ways ; and any general linguistic laws, evolved on sure ground, in this one field of the great Aryan inquiry, could not fail to be also eminently useful in the wide domain" of general Aryan philology. In the same paper I ventured also to express the hope that some of our more prominent Celtic scholars would turn their attention to a field so full of the promise of rich results. I regret that none of my learned friends seems disposed to take the hint ; and, therefore, by way of a beginning, and, as it were, to show the way to the *dû majores* on our little Scotch Olympus, I propose giving here the first results of a short holiday excursion into the by-ways of what remains to us of the Celtic literature of Cornwall. How much remains to us of that old literature, in what condition, and of what quality, needs not here be described. For, since the translation of Hovelacque into English, we have had a good many popular re-productions of that author's comprehensive summary on the subject. Neither, for the present, shall I touch on the pregnant topics of *word-growth* and comparative inflectional change. What I propose doing here is simply to inquire what words are still common to the surviving remains of the Cornish and to our own Scotch Gaelic. That question, narrow and simple as it seems to be, opens up a very wide inquiry. For what they still possess in common, putting aside all they could have borrowed from later neighbours, they must have got in common, and got only at the old fireside of the old Aryan mother. Our seemingly simple question thus broadens out into an inquiry which may thus be formulated : What is there still common to Gael and Kerne\* of all that was their common patrimony, when in the dim primeval past the family first divided, and each member took his several way, to make new history, to encounter new and diverging fortunes, from new wants and experiences to evolve new thoughts and contrivance, and in strange lands, under foreign skies, to attune tongue and ear to new name-sounds for the same ? He who would successfully enter on this inquiry must carefully remember the warning just hinted at. He must put clearly to one side all such loan words as both members of the family could have borrowed from others, either on the westward march, or after settling in their new homes. If a Gaelic speaker, he must, before trimming his sails to the freshening breeze of his natural enthusiasm, not only look out for the false lights of Cornish wreckers, but, even before leaving what he

\* The Bretons in France, who claim a connection with Cornwall within the historic period, speak of the Cornish as *Kernes* : and many of the oldest Breton ballads are set down by De la Villemarqué as *Ies Kerne : Dialecte de Cornouaille*. On this suggestion I venture to call the Cornish men *Kernes*, in the same way as we call ourselves *Gaels*. Of course I am aware of the wider and contemptuous sense in which the word is used by English authors.

fancies the *terra firma* of his mother-tongue, he must remember the strange pranks of that Will o' the Wisp who has so often led our would-be philologists a weary dance, not to solid supper, but to the duck-pond or the quagmire.

All words, therefore, of ecclesiastical origin, in which the Cornish remains are necessarily rich, it will be wise thus to put aside. For the mediæval cleric was cosmopolite, and to him Latin was everywhere the technical speech of his order. And it must also be remembered that when the Cornish manuscripts were written, the language, as living speech, was already well nigh moribund. At the least, it is evident that English had then made the same inroads into Cornwall that it is making to-day into the Perthshire Highlands, where the spoken Gaelic of the people has a large admixture of English. It is not, indeed, to be forgotten that English is itself of Aryan origin, as well as Gaelic, and that, therefore, independently of this later process of mutual Anglo-Gaelic admixture or assimilation, the two languages have always, of linguistic right and by inheritance, had much in common. But neither, in this inquiry, can we safely forget that the two languages have long been in such relations to each other as are most favourable to mutual accommodation by the inflated currency of loan words. Our English in Scotland has long been borrowing from Gaelic not only idioms but words; witness the songs of Burns, who himself spoke no Gaelic. And if the stronger borrows from the weaker, need we wonder that very largely and for a long time Gaelic has been borrowing from English.

Keeping, then, as clear as can be of these two sources of error, let us see what still survives in common to Gael and Kerne of the old family inheritance. As they looked up to the blue sky, they both saw there, like the old Aryan father, and in common with the whole Aryan brotherhood, that great being whom they call respectively *DIA* and *Du* or *Duy*—the *Tu* of our Saxon *Tu-esday*, the *DEUS* of the Roman, and the *THEOS* of the Greek. But when, in after times, Gael and Kerne came, in their several ways, to read in between the lines of that grand impression of the Unseen, the small print of more concrete and anthropomorphic ideas, suggested by the mastery and authority of one man over another, elaborating more or less consciously our notion of the LORD-ship of God, the Gael called him *Tighearn* and the Kerne, *Arluit*. The former name, we thus conclude, they both carried with them from the old Aryan home, the latter names they had learned, each for himself and in his own way, since parting with that home and with each other. The heaven of both is *nef*, their earth *tir* and *doer*; but the Cornish stars are *stereu*, the sun *heul*, and the moon *luir*. Both are practically at one in *biou* life, *enef* soul, *tarun* thunder, *tan* fire, *tes* heat, *reu* frost, *iey* ice, *golou* light, *dav* black, *bliphen* year, *guaintoin* (green time) spring, *haf* summer, and *goyf* winter. The common heritage of the family is also more or less obvious in *den* and *gur* man, *benenrid* and *grueg* woman, *moroin* girl, *floh* lad, *bugel* herd, *ruy* king, and *gurhemîn ruif* edict; nor will the Highland crofter have much difficulty in recognising a very special object of his affection in *mair* a petty officer.

And what a picture opens up to us of the old Aryan family, living together in patriarchal simplicity, when we find that, after untold ages, two

wanders from the old hearth, whose children's children have been strangers for countless generations, still to speak to us, through these old Cornish legends and our Gaelic Bibles, of all that concerns the family life, in a voice that is all unchanged. For if the Cornish father is a little disguised as *tat* and the mother as *mam*, yet what help of Grimm's laws does any of us need to hear a brother's tongue in such words as *teilu* family, *braud* brother, *fhuir* sister, *mab* son, *car* friend, and *altruon* foster-mother? Or does the voice turn strange, or suggest a feeling anywise foreign to our accustomed ideas, when it speaks of the head of the family as *pen-teilu*, and of the mother as *mam-teilu*? Similarly old Dilly Pendraeth, with whom died, a hundred years ago, the living Cornish tongue, would tell us Gaels how near we both keep to the old forms of speech which her ancestors and ours learned from the same father, when she called her head *pen*, her nose *trein* or *tron*, her chest *cluit*, her skin *croin*, her shoulder-blade *scuil*, her elbow *elin*, and her hand *lau*. Indeed, I think, I can even now form to myself a good picture of the worthy old crone, as chattering strange words which none around her understood, and with the nail (*euuin*) at the end of her long weird forefinger she touched and mournfully counted each staring rib (*asen*) in the side of her old nag (*marc*), which had come to such sad plight through lack of fat or blonee!

What says the Cornish language as to the social condition of the primitive patriarchal Celt? That he was a *helh-fhur* (*sealgair*) or hunter goes without saying. But, it is to be expected, his game was in large measure different from that of Ossian's heroes. The goat and the horse were known to him, for it is only from him that Gael and Kerne alike could learn to call these animals *gaur* and *marc*. He must have known something of agriculture, else how could these his descendants, more entirely sundered than are to-day the Antipodeans, agree to arm their plough with a *soc*? And there are other reasons for placing him in an age long posterior to that of stone; for though the Cornish *gof* seems to have been a Jack-of-all-trades, working indifferently in metal and wood, and sometimes even in clay, yet was there a Cornish *eure*, or gold-worker, and an *heirnior*, or iron-worker. When this iron-worker handled his furnace or his red hot metal clumsily, the result was a *lose* or burn, whose pain he eased with an ointment, called by him, as we still call it in the Highlands, *urat*. He had *haloin*, or salt, to his steak of goat's flesh; when age, sickness, or folly brought him to poverty he was *bochodoc*; when good he was, not *ma*, but *da*; when a quarreller he was a *strifor*; when a sinner he was *droch-oberor* or *droeger*; and when fairly mad he had *sach diaul*. If a spark from the anvil deprived him of sight, like his brother Gael, this Cornish craftsman was *dall*; if deaf he was *bothar*; if dumb, *af-lauar*; squinting, he was *cam*; and weary, *guan* or *ainach*. Rest and refreshment brought *nerth*, or strength, to his arm; when he spoke truth it was *guirion*; and when, as skilful mechanics sometimes will, he blew, not his bellows, but the horn of his own praise, his pride was *goth*. And finally, though even he could never dream of the crown, or *curun-ruy*, and scarce dared aspire to be a *pen-can(t)-gur*, or head of a hundred men, yet may it be suggested, as a curious question in philology, whether he did not sit among his fellows crowned with the first rude model of that universal symbol of modern Saxon respectability, which, whenever he got it, he wore and called a *hot*!

That the *flora*, as well as the *fauna*, of tribes wandering from a home so distant by ways so far apart, should be differently named, is only what is naturally to be expected, yet with both the plant is *les* and the bark *rusc*. And not less suggestive, in view of a similarly sharp contrast well known in Gaelic, as the result of the simplest literal change, is a class of words in which the change of one letter in Cornish makes a word mean something not merely different, but entirely the reverse, in Gaelic. Thus in Cornish *cuske* is sleep, in Gaelic *duisg* is awake.

Just two words in conclusion. Though the comparison in this paper is nominally between Gaelic and Cornish, yet to most readers it is unnecessary to explain that whatever is said of the former language may be understood as said also of Manx and Irish ; while what is said of the latter may also be taken as more or less true of Welsh and Breton. And, for the sake of brevity and simplicity, as well as from a desire to avoid the appearance of what might seem akin to the *goth* of our friend the *heirnicr*, I have not allowed myself to indulge in references, however appropriately these might sometimes be made, to the classical tongues and the Sanskrit. The learned reader, as he proceeds, will mark such references and apply them for himself. To the general reader they would be only confusing.

DONALD MASSON, M.A., M.D.

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### LOCHABER'S LONE STAR.

To Fassifern Cameron Stewart, Nether-Lochaber.

—o—

In bonnie Lochaber 'mong brown heather hills,  
In bonnie Lochaber by clear flowing rills,  
When Leven's dark waters glide on in their glee,  
I know a wee cot that is dear, dear to me ;  
There sweet Fassifern in her loveliness dwells,  
And bright is the home 'neath the grace of her spells,  
Than flowerets or rills she is bonnier far,  
I joy when I sing of Lochaber's lone star.

As tender and pure as the eye of the dawn,  
As fair and as blythe as the light-leaping fawn ;  
O ! surely her heart is the home of that love  
Which springs in its beauty from fountains above.  
Ye soft winds that blow o'er Lochaber's green braes,  
O ! let your sweet music be ever her praise ;  
Ye wild sweeping tempests when rolling in war,  
Be ever your song of Lochaber's lone star.

Her merry voice sounds as the whispers of streams,  
Its echo still haunts me, I hear it in dreams ;  
Her smile from my memory will never depart,  
Its sunshine still clings with delight to my heart.  
Ye angels of goodness ! O ! hear ye my prayer,  
Guard ever your sister from sadness or care ;  
Let no blighting sorrows the happiness mar,  
Of sweet Fassifern, my Lochaber's lone star.

SUNDERLAND,

WM. ALLAN.



## HACO, THE DANE, OR THE PRINCE'S WOOING.

A TRUE ROMANCE OF LOCH-MAREE, IN THREE PARTS.

By J. E. MUDDOCK, author of "*A Wingless Angel*," "*As the Shadows Fall*," "*Loval, or Out in the '45*," &c., &c.

—o—

## PART I.—THE DREAM.

THE date is 1500, time the close of an August day, the scene Loch-Maree. The sun is sinking in the west, and shafts of golden fire lie athwart the bare and rugged mountains, lighting up their age worn sides, which seem to glow and burn, and so contrast well with the deep fissures and gorges which are steeped in purple shadow. The great mass of Ben Slioch rises up boldly, a very king of mountains. His splintered outlines are sharply defined in the pure, clear atmosphere, and his precipitous walls of rock shimmer in the yellow light. The lake is very calm, for not even a zephyr moves its bosom. The whole scene is one of peace and marvellous beauty. Beautiful it always is, but often its peace is broken by the barbarism of rival clans, who, sweeping down from the mountains like the lordly eagles, rend and tear each other with remorseless ferocity. Many a terrible deed of bloodshed and cruelty have those silent rocks witnessed, and often have their rifts and hollows echoed back the dispairing cry of some dying wretch, the victim of jealousy and feud. There is not a pass but has been a witness to acts of heroism and treachery, not a mountain but has resounded with the battle cry of warring clans. And if the loch could tell its tale many a ghastly secret it might disclose. Of midnight surprises, of fights to the death, of hacked and bleeding bodies that have slowly sunk into its dark depths, there to lie until that great day when the heavens shall roll up as a scroll, and the mountains dissolve away. But on this hot August afternoon the hand of tranquility seems to have touched all things. The eagles poised themselves on motionless wings in the stagnant air, an idle bee or two hums drowsily in the purple heather, and gaudy dragon flies, like winged jewels, hang on the nodding blue bells as if they too felt the dreamy influence of the dying day, and could give themselves up to delicious indolence.

Stretched on a soft carpet of green moss, on the south side of the loch, and near where the Loch-Maree hotel now stands, was a young man who also seemed to have caught something of the oscitant nature of the evening. In age he was about five-and-twenty. He was possessed of a singularly handsome face. His nostrils were straight and delicately chiselled, and his forehead high. His eyes were a clear blue, and a light moustache shaded his lip, while long golden curls hung in clusters over his shoulders. From his dress, and the refinement which seemed stamped on every feature, it was evident he was not a native of the district. The Highlanders of that wild region were rugged and stern like unto their own rocky mountains, but this man, though compact and well-formed, had none of these characteristics. His hands were white and soft, and the skin of his face and neck fair almost as a woman's. On his fingers were

two or three rings, and at his belt a long, thin dagger, in an elegantly embossed sheath, hung. The handle was studded with jewels that scintillated with every movement of his body.

This young man was Haco, a Danish prince, who had been sent from the Court of Denmark to Scotland on a special mission in connection with the Shetland Islands. Noble of birth, wealthy, and much beloved in his own country, his future seemed to promise unalloyed happiness. If there was a blemish in Haco's character it was a certain waywardness which often led him to do things in opposition to the wishes of his friends. He had come from his native country attended by only two or three faithful followers, and his mission being completed, they had urged him to return home. But he had turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties, for reasons that will be presently disclosed. He was a keen sportsman, and passionately fond of the chase. He had heard that Ross-shire, and especially the neighbourhood of Loch Maree, abounded with wild deer, as well as wolves, and the temptation to hunt these animals was too strong to be resisted. And many a noble stag, and many a savage wolf had fallen before the unerring shot of his cross-bow.

One day while out hunting he lost his followers, and wandering down to the margin of the Loch to quench his thirst with a draught of the clear, pure water, he fell asleep amongst the heather. Suddenly he was awakened by the sound of voices, and looking up, he beheld two monks and a young lady. They were coming down to a boat which was lying on the strand, and in which they had no doubt crossed the Loch.

As Prince Haco gazed upon the young woman he rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was not dreaming, for it seemed as if the being who stood before him was too radiant and beautiful to belong to the earth.

She was dressed in a pure white garment, that was girded with a golden zone at the waist. Her face was marvellous in its perfect beauty. Her skin, delicately tinged with pink on the cheeks, was clear and white as snow. A great wealth of blue black, glossy hair hung loosely about her shoulders and down her back, while her eyes were large, liquid, and dark as night. In age she was little more than eighteen. Her figure was perfect in its shape, and every curve and flowing outline displayed by her graceful and classical costume.

Struck with astonishment no less than admiration Prince Haco stared at the beautiful girl who had so unexpectedly appeared before him, until she blushed scarlet and turned her face from his burning glances. The monks, in whose charge the young girl was, seemed annoyed at the manner in which the Prince gazed at her, and they were passing on to the boat without deigning to bestow further notice on him than a reproving and scornful scowl, when he rose suddenly, and, placing himself in their way, he removed his bonnet, and kneeling on one knee he addressed the elder and superior of the two monks. "Forgive me, holy father," he said, "forgive me if I have displeased you by my apparent rudeness, but a mortal may surely be pardoned for gazing on an angel."

"Thou speakst irreverently, my son," answered the monk, "our daughter here is but of mortal mould. She is only a woman who intends to devote her life to the church, and it is to be regretted if she has aroused thine admiration." "Should I not be less than man if I had

not been struck by such marvellous beauty as that which I now behold," cried the Prince, and then turning to the young woman said—"Fair lady, pardon and pity me, I am even as a wild deer in whose side the arrow quivers, for thy glances have deprived me of power and made me thy slave. Grant that thy slave then may have the honour of pressing his lips to that fair hand, and then let him learn thy name and who thou art."

The monk who had first spoken drew the girl towards him, and placing himself between her and the still kneeling Prince, he exclaimed angrily—"Thou art guilty of presumption and impertinence, churl, in daring to speak thus. Know that this lady dwelleth in the sanctity of the Church and that she is the bride of heaven. Stand aside and let us pass." Prince Haco rose suddenly to his feet, and drawing his tall handsome figure up to its full height, as a look of anger came into his face, he placed his hand upon the jewelled handle of his dagger, and exclaimed, "An it were not for the presence of that lady, saucy monk, that word *churl* should cost thee thy life."

With a little cry of alarm the lady threw herself between the monk and the Prince, and putting up her little white hands in a pleading manner to the latter, she said in a sweetly musical voice—

"My fair sir, I pray that you will not quarrel. The good father meant no harm. He is my protector, and if he has said aught that has wounded your feelings, I pray you, for my sake, forgive him." The Prince caught one of the outstretched hands in his, and pressing his lips to it he said—

"For *thy sake*, fair lady, I would give my life. For a smile of those sweet lips and a look of those bright eyes I would do such deeds as man never did before. I am no churl, but in my veins runs pure and unsullied the royal blood of Denmark. I am Haco, the Danish Prince, and now in the name of the Holy Mother, I pray you, sweet lady, tell me your name."

The young girl drew back as though abashed, and clung to the arm of the monk, who answered and said—

Prince, I have heard of thee, and I am sorry that my hastiness led me to wound thy sensitiveness, but know that in this lady's veins runs blood as noble as thine own, for in her thou beholdest the Princess Thyra, a Princess of the Royal House of Ulster in Ireland."

"Haco, the Prince of Denmark greets Thyra, the Princess of Ulster," cried Haco as he once more bent his knee and pressed his lips to the fair hand of the girl. Then rising and turning to the monk, he asked—"But tell me father what brings the noble lady here?"

"She was sent by her father so that in the sanctity and peace of our island monastery she might, while being far removed from the turmoil and the strife which are shaking her own poor country, be taught humility and Christian meekness, and devote herself to the service of God."

"She is too young and too beautiful to withdraw from the world," Haco murmured as if to himself, although his words reached the ears of the monk and Princess. The latter blushed deeply, and she gave a quick burning glance at the manly face of the Prince, which did not escape his notice. But the monk reproved him, and said—

"Thy words are light and frivolous, my son. But we do but waste time in argument, for the day wanes and we must return."

"Where have you been to and whither are you going?" asked the Prince as if he had not noticed the reproof.

"We have been to one of our holy houses which is situated amongst yonder hills," and the monk pointed to the south. "We have some sick there, and the Princess makes a weekly visit so that she may comfort the feeble. But we are returning now to the monastery on the Isle Maree and must bid thee adieu."

"And may we not meet again, fair lady," pleaded the Prince as he respectfully drew on one side, and sighed heavily.

"Alas! it must not be," she returned softly, and for a moment their eyes met. Then, as she turned hers away, she blushed with confusion and passed down to the boat. Haco stood on the shore until the boat had disappeared amongst the islands, then, as he turned to go, he murmured "she has taken my heart with her."

He had for some time been residing at the house of a Chief of the Clan Mackenzie, who dwelt at the head of the loch, and as he turned his footsteps towards his dwelling he was unusually thoughtful. He was received by his followers with every manifestation of delight, for they had become uneasy at his absence. He mentioned nothing to them of his adventure, but for days he remained silent and reserved, which was such an unusual thing for him that it caused no little astonishment. Day after day he stole away alone, and went down to the spot where he had first beheld the Princess, in the hope that he might again see her, but he was always disappointed, until, unable to control himself longer, he one day procured a boat and rowed to the Isle Maree.

So sacred was the island considered that it was looked upon as almost sacrilege for a layman and a stranger to visit it. Even the warring clans respected the sanctity of the place, and while the din and shock of battle shook the surrounding country, this tiny island remained undisturbed.

It was a veritable garden of beauty. It was clothed with a luxuriant growth of trees and shrubs. The monastery was a small, plainly built structure. And one portion was set aside for the use of about ten ladies who devoted their lives to religion and charity. There were about thirty monks in all, who were presided over by an aged Abbot—a man of singular simplicity and purity of life. A small garden, filled with fruit and flower trees, surrounded the building, and outside of this again a plot of ground was set aside for a burial place. In addition there was a sacred well whose waters possessed the most miraculous curative properties for all sorts of disease, but more particularly for insanity. In fact the remedy was so simple that the wonder was that any one should have been mad in those days, or being so that they should have remained in that condition longer than was necessary to go to the well, drink copiously of the potent spring, then be dragged three times round the island at the stern of a boat, with a hair rope fastened under their armpits, and after undergoing this mild treatment they invariably recovered—or died, especially died. Close to this very wonderful well was a money tree, into which a coin was driven by the hand of every pilgrim to the island, and any one who

failed to make this monetary offering to the Tutelary Saint met with some terrible reverse or died before the year was out.

Haco marched boldly up to the monastery gate, and requested the porter to conduct him to the presence of the Father Superior. The Prince had little difficulty in obtaining an interview, for there was something commanding in his tone and presence. Nor did the Abbot seem greatly surprised when Haco told him that he had come to beg permission to woo the Princess Thyra.

"Thou art bold and impetuous," the Abbot answered, after listening patiently to the Prince, "and thou shouldst remember that it is not usual for a man, even though he be of royal blood, to seek a bride in the very shadow of the Church. It is true our daughter has not entered the Church nor broken all ties with the world, for she is only placed under our care until the political storms which now shake her father's throne have passed away. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the sanctity of the Church is around her, and it is our duty to protect her honour and her virtue."

"I come here in the character of one who desires to woo her for my wife," the Prince answered proudly. "I am of royal birth, and unstained honour, and would die to shield hers."

"That is nobly spoken," the Abbot returned, "and if I were quite sure that thou wert not mistaking passion for love I might be tempted to encourage thy wooing."

"Nay, why should you doubt me," Haco exclaimed, "my name and birth are a sufficient guarantee that I am sincere, and to give you even better assurance I vow by the name of the Blessed Virgin Mary that if the Princess Thyra will wed me she shall be my wife."

As he spoke he raised his hand and placed it reverently on a small crucifix that stood upon the table. The Abbot was silent for a few minutes and then he said—"My son, I give thee my blessing."

Haco knelt, and the Holy Father placed his hand upon the Prince's head and murmured a short prayer.

"I thank you, father," the Prince answered as he rose, "and I beg, in acknowledgment of my gratitude, to bestow a thousand merks towards the support of this monastery."

In a few minutes from this Prince Haco had the pleasure of once more beholding the lady who had made so great an impression upon him. Nor was she less impressed with him. That interview led to others until they became plighted lovers.

At the moment that this story commences Prince Haco was waiting for a boat to arrive from the island to convey him back, so that he might spend an hour with his beloved Thyra, this being the time granted him by the Abbot at each interview. He had fallen into a half dream state in which his only thought was Princess Thyra. For some time the drowsy hum of a drowsy bee as it buzzed round his head was the only sound he heard, but presently he started up, for the plash of oars had broken the stillness. A boat, rowed by a stalwart monk, was nearing the shore, and when it touched the strand Prince Haco jumped in, and the monk pulled back to Isle Maree.

The golden light had given place to a deep, scarlet blush—so to speak,

that dyed the mountains and the bosom of the loch. Gradually the blush deepened, purple shadows mingled with the glowing red, and the great masses of mountains seemed to blend and grow one into the other, as they became indistinct and dark in the fading light of the dying day. Not a cloud was round the head of Ben Slioch which shimmered in the lingering glow that yet reddened the west.

As the Prince and the monk stepped from the boat on to the island there suddenly rose on the still air the sound of the sweet angelus—the evensong of the monks. It was strangely, and solemnly impressive amid the wild surroundings, and the grand old mountains seemed to echo back the psalm of praise as if they too were worshipping the great Creator.

Prince Haco removed his bonnet, and he and the monk knelt and reverently crossed themselves, until the voices died away and there was stillness again. The Prince continued to kneel for some time, but the monk rose and hurried towards the monastery. In a little while Haco started, for his quick ear had caught the sound of a light footstep, and in another moment he was pressing the Princess Thyra to his breast. She had come down to meet him, as she knew the hour he would arrive.

"My own beloved," he exclaimed, as he pressed his burning lips to hers, "what happiness it is for me to hold you this, and know that you are mine!"

"No less for me than you," she murmured sweetly low, "but Ah, Haco, will you always love me thus?"

"Always? yes as surely as yonder star now shines over Ben Slioch's peak. Aye, and I will be as faithful and as true to you as yon star is to its orbit. But why, my darling, should you doubt me?"

"I do not doubt, but the happiness seems so great that I have a sort of undefined fear that it cannot last."

"Nonsense, heart of mine, what can come to destroy our happiness? The future lies before us an unshaded vista. It is all light and beauty, and you and I, my sweet one, will walk together in perfect peace and perfect trust and perfect love."

"Oh, what a delicious dream!" she murmured.

"And why should our lives not be a dream, my Princess? Born to high estate, with riches and good friends and unclouded prospects, we can sup our full of happiness until it pleases God to take us." A shudder seemed to suddenly seize the Princess, and she clung closer to her lover. A slight breeze had passed over the loch and shook the trees on the island into a weird whisper as it were. "What is it that frightens you, my treasure?" he asked.

"Nothing," she answered with a little laugh, "it was but a nervous feeling that seized me, and we thought that these ghostly trees, as they were stirred by the night wind, said when you spoke—'It shall not be.'"

Haco pressed his strong arm closer round the slender waist of the Princess, and answered—

"You are morbidly inclined, my darling. The night wind, and the murmuring waters, and the rustling trees speak to me only of love and peace. Yon star shines not more brightly than shall our lives."

"Amen to that," the Princess returned, then leaning her little head upon his breast, she said, "I pray to the Blessed Virgin that nothing

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may ever destroy our pleasant dream, and yet there are times when I have a half-nervous dread that Red Hector of the Hills will bring us trouble."

"Cease these fears, my darling," Haco cried with a forced merry laugh that belied the true state of his feelings, for at the mention of Red Hector's name the Prince's brow darkened, and he clenched his hands as if in passion.

"But you know how Red Hector has pressed me to become his bride," she answered, "and he is so wild and stern that I fear me he would resort to anything to gain his purpose."

"I fear him not," Haco returned with great firmness, "and if he should persecute you more I will slay him."

"Nay, Haco my own, I would not have you take his life," the Princess murmured as she threw her arms round her lover's neck and pressed her warm cheek to his. "Should he annoy me further I will tell the Abbot and seek his protection."

Whatever Haco's thoughts were he kept them to himself, and made no further remark on the subject, and when a happy and too short hour had passed the lovers separated, and the Prince blew a small silver whistle which hung round his neck. This was a signal for the monk to appear and row him across the loch.

When Haco reached the mainland, and close to the spot from whence he had started, he sprung lightly out, and wishing the boatman good-night, he bent his steps in the direction of his lodgings.

The moon was shining brilliantly, and the night was very still, save for a soft breeze that had risen within the last hour, and was just moving the heather and the trees into a weird rustle, that only served to heighten the effects of the stillness.

As the Prince trudged on he was suddenly startled by a sound that was not that of the wind, but which he knew to be an arrow that had whizzed past his ear, and was within a hair'sbreadth of striking him in the face. He was a bold and courageous youth, but he stopped and drew his long rapier that flashed ominously in the moonlight, and while he stood irresolutely, and undecided how to act, another arrow sped on its course and went through his bonnet. No longer hesitating, he grasped his rapier with a grip of iron and rushed towards a huge boulder that stood in his path, and from which direction the arrows had been shot. As he reached the rock, there suddenly rose up before him, like a spectre in the moonlight, a tall, powerful man, with coarse red hair that hung about his shoulders like a mat, and a beard that descended below his waist. His arms were bare, and were brawny and powerful, and covered with coarse fibrous hair that spoke of immense strength. In one hand he carried a bow that was still strung, and raising this above his head, he stood like a Hercules in the Prince's path, and in a stentorian voice exclaimed—

"Hold, Prince. You and I have an account to settle, and one of us must die to-night.

*(To be Continued.)*

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WILLIAM, LORD CRECHTOUN, AT TAIN AND INVERNESS,  
A.D., 1483-1489.

BY GENERAL A. STEWART-ALLAN, F.S.A. SCOT., ETC.

THE residence of William, Lord Crechtoun, in the north of Scotland, during the latter years of the reign of King James the Third, is an historical episode, which has been hardly noticed by any of our historians, and very cursorily glanced at by the few writers who have alluded to the facts. It is, however, connected with an obscure, and indeed somewhat mysterious piece of family history, in which a Princess of the blood-royal of Scotland—a sister of the reigning sovereign—is closely mixed up in a discreditable manner; and the whole story may be considered one of incidents belonging to the *chroniques scandaleuses* of the time. It has also been hitherto treated with unaccountable brevity, as well as almost significant paucity of the circumstantial evidence relating to it. It is not pretended here to give a complete explanation of all the events which then occurred, and which now may be considered to have escaped from the range of full inquiry—at least to any satisfactory extent—for this essay can only be offered as a slight contribution to history, and a compilation from the best available authorities; with mention of the sources from which it is derived, and extracts, generally in the words of the writers referred to, as the grounds on which the statements and inferences are based.

Sir William Crechtoun of Frendraught, and of that Ilk, was eldest son and successor of James, second Lord Crechtoun, by his wife, Lady Janet de Dunbar, the Lady of Frendraught, and eldest daughter an co-heir of James, "Dominus de Frendrath," who appears as "Janeta de Dunbar, comitissa Moravie, et domina de Frendraught, &c.," on November 8, 1454. [Erroll Charter Chest]; and which lady—the heir-of-line of the Dunbars, Earls of Moray—survived her son—the subject of this paper—for several years, as she was living November 23, 1493, when she resigned the barony of Frendraught to her eldest grandson, James, and his heirs. ["Reg. Mag. Sigil.," lib. xiii., No. 71.] On the death of his father, James, before November 20, 1469, William succeeded him, as third Lord Crechtoun, and must have been married shortly afterwards to Marion of Livingston, a daughter (unnoticed by the Peerage writers) of Sir James Livingstone of Calendar, first Lord Livingstone—so created before August 30, 1458—["Reg. Mag. Sigil.," lib. v., No. 52] by Marion, his wife, who was still alive on June 4, 1478, but had deceased before October 19 following, when a decree was granted, by the Lords of Council, to "Marion, Lady of Crechtoun," as one of the executors of "*vmquhile* Marion, Lady Levinstoun." ["Acta Auditorum," p. 59; "Acta Dominorum Concilii," p. 15, fol. Edinburgh, 1839; edit. T. Thomson.] "Marioun, Lady Crechtoun, as executrix to hir modir," again appears on March 6, 1479, when declared entitled to payments from lands pertaining to her late mother. ["Acta Auditorum," p. 68, ut supra], and she may have lived several years subsequently, perhaps until about 1481, or even later. There is an action and cause, however, before the same Lords Auditors, on March 18, 1479, against "James of tuedy and Marion of Crehton, his spouse," which is puzzling to explain. ["Acta Audit.," p. 79.] These references appear to

have escaped the critical notice of Riddell, in his remarks upon the marriage under notice, and to which I have to acknowledge my obligations; though it is strange that he has given the dates of "20th October 1478," for October 22, and "8th of March, and 4th of July in the same year," for June 4, 1478, and March 18, 1479, which was the following year—citing *Acta Dominorum Concilii*, and *Acta Auditorum*.\* The date of Marion, Lady Crechtoun's, death is not recorded, but she was certainly the first, if not only, wife of William, Lord Crechtoun, and mother of his son and heir, James, above-mentioned; who must have been of full age in the year 1492 and 1493, when he is found receiving grants of lands, as proved by the Records of the Great Seal, already referred to. It also appears from a process of October 23, 1493, that "James Crechtoun, the son and are of vmquhile William, sumtyme lord Crechtoun," without the concurrence of any tutor or curator, had previously assigned twenty-seven ounces of gold to a certain Sir Thomas Tod, Knight for the "wranquis detentioun," of which he now sought a remedy from the Lords of Council in Civil Causes, who postponed consideration of his complaint until February 12 following. [*Acta Dom. Conc.*, ut supra, p. 311], which conclusively proves that James could not have been a son of the Princess Margaret, as hitherto asserted. An interesting fact also transpires from this marriage (as Riddell observes), which is, that Marion Livingstone had obviously been a peace-offering to reconcile the feuds and animosities of the great families of Crechtoun and Livingstone, previously, as is well-known, keen rivals for political power, during the troublous times in the reigns of Kings James II. and III. The notices of William, in the first years after his succession to the family title, are scanty, but the name of "dominus Crechtoun" appears as attending the following Parliaments of Scotland under James III., November 20, 1469—May 6, 1471—November 20, 1475—July 1, and October 4, 1476—April 6, 1478—March 1, and October 4, 1479, at Edinburgh, which is the last occasion on which his name is found in the Parliamentary rolls. [*Acta Parl. Scot.*, vol. ii. pp. 93, 98, 108, 111, 115, 121, 122, 124.] There are also five references to "ye lord Crechtoun," from October 15, 1478, to June 13, 1480, amongst the Acts of the Lords of Council in Civil Causes, consisting chiefly of claims made against him for the repayment of sums of money, &c., which had been lent to him, by various persons, at different times. [*Acta Dom. Concil.* ut supra, pp. 12, 14, 19, 44, 50.] Before the Lords Auditors of Causes and Complaints "ye lord Crechtoun" is found at various periods, between August 5, 1473, and October 1483, to answer charges of "skathis and danpnage" preferred against him, and other matters, in some of which, however, he was complainant. [*Acta Auditorum*, ut supra, pp. 29 et seq., to 122.]

There is no positive reason for alleging that, up to October 1479, Lord Crechtoun had engaged in treasonable proceedings against his sovereign, nor does he appear to have been directly implicated in the first rebellion of Alexander, Duke of Albany; which took place in the above year, and was quickly suppressed by the decision and energy of the King, when Albany escaped to France. There is no doubt, however, that he was an active adherent of the Duke in his second rebellion and treasonable

\* "Remarks on Scottish Peerage Law," &c., "By John Riddell, Esq., advocate. Edinburgh: T. Clark," 8vo., 1833, p. 194 note.

invasion of the kingdom, assisted by an English army, in July 1482; though the King was constrained, by a Parliament, assembled at Edinburgh, December 2 following, to pardon his brother, and even to create him Lieut.-General of the kingdom, this arrangement soon terminated. Albany was forced to resign his usurped office before March 1483, when James was restored to his free and full power, and the turbulent nobles resumed their loyalty for a time, though the most powerful of his late supporters were deprived of the offices and dignities which they abused to the purposes of conspiracy and rebellion. The Earl of Buchan, with Lord Crechtoun and Sir James Liddale of Halkerstoun, who appear to have been considered the most dangerous of the conspirators with England, were ordered to be banished from the realm for the space of three years. The disloyal Duke then retired into England, leaving an English garrison in his castle of Dunbar; and in the Parliament of June 27, he was finally forfeited, along with Sir James Liddale, for repeated acts of treason, and designs to dethrone King James III. By a solemn decree of the three estates of the realm, after he had failed to appear before them, though duly summoned by Rothesay herald, "Alexander, Duke of Albany, Earl of March, of Mar, and of Gariach, Lord of Annandale and of Man," was found guilty of the crimes laid to his charge, and his life, lands, offices, and all other possessions, declared to be forfeited to the crown.\* His dishonoured career was prolonged, in exile, till 1485, when he died, at Paris, from the effects of a wound received in a tournament there. After his last escape to England, in April 1483, Albany had still remained busy concerting measures with his adherents, for a more formidable expedition against his native land; and his friend, Lord Crechtoun, "one of the most powerful and warlike of the Scottish barons"—according to Tytler—"engaged with the utmost ardour in concentrating his party in Scotland, and fortifying their castles for a determined resistance against their Sovereign." ["Hist. of Scotland," ii., 245, *et passim*.]

Lord Crechtoun, with a long list of his adherents, experienced a similar fate within a few months afterwards, while the treason of Angus Gray and other rebel lords remained unknown. The whole process of "forisfacture" of "Will. dom. Crechtoun," is recorded in the Acts of Parliament of Scotland, where it occupies several pages (ii., 154-161 incl., 164), and lasted from February 19 to 24; on which latter date he was sentenced by the Court of Parliament of Edinburgh, in the presence of the Sovereign, personally presiding there, to forfeit his life, lands, and all other possessions whatsoever he had of the Crown, in punishment of "dome," for the treasons and crimes committed by him "against the peace of the realm, and our lord, the King." It appeared in evidence that the Royal messenger-at-arms, Alexander Hepburn of Qhitsu, Sheriff of Edinburgh, because he could not apprehend William, Lord Crechtoun personally, passed with the letters of summons to the Castle of Crechtoun, on November 20, 1483, citing him to "comper" in person in the Parliament to be held at Edinburgh, on February 19 following, there to answer for his treasonable art, part, counsel, and assistance to Alexander, some time Duke of Albany, in his treasonable sending of Sir James of Liddale, formerly of Halkerstoun, into England, with treasonable writings and instructions; for receiving a pursuivant of the King of England, "call it blew-

\* "Act Parl. Scot.," vol. ii., pp. 146-152, "Pinkerton," &c., *passim*.

mantle;”\* and finally—after enumerating other treasonable acts—for “ye tressonable *stuffing* with men and wittale of ye Castell of Crechtoun, and for the tressonable consale and assistance gevin to the personis being in the said castell of Crechtoun in the tressonable halding of the said castell aganis our said lords writings and Acts of Parliament, efter our soveran lords grace to the said lord Crechtoun gevin and grantit efter the mony and divers crimes Rebellionis and trespasses contrar our soueran lord and his Realme be him comytit and done.” [“Act Parl. Scot.” ii., 260.] This was a most formidable indictment, and deserving all the penalties of the crime of high-treason, aggravated also by his previously having been pardoned for former numerous crimes of rebellion. It is therefore not surprising that he should have dreaded appearing for trial before his peers, and sought refuge in the remote parts of the north of Scotland, where he found sanctuary within the inviolable “girth of S. Duthach, at Tayn in Ross.” Lord Crechtoun must have fled to Tam about the middle of the year 1483, probably immediately after hearing of the forfeiture of the Duke of Albany, in whose treasons he was so deeply implicated; and more especially after *stuffing*, that is garrisoning, his ancestral Castle of Crechtoun, near Edinburgh, and putting it in a state of defence against the royal troops, in behalf of his friend the Duke of Albany. From the Acts of Parliament, above referred to, it appears that the Sheriff of Edinburgh, being unable to apprehend Lord Crechtoun personally at his own castle, published the summons for treason at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, on December 7, 1483; and next endeavoured to serve it with the necessary legal formalities, according to the following account of the proceedings. “The 11 day of December 1483, I, William Cumyn, macer and Sheriff in that part, by our Sovereign lord specially constituted, by his letters directed to me, passed with the same, and the witness Symon Spedor, messenger, Thomas Scot, Johne Cowy, with others diverse, to the Market Cross of Aberdene; and in likewise the 18 day of the same month and year forsaid, I passed with the said letters and these witnesses, Thomas Scot, Johne Fresar, and Johne Cowy, Patric Prat, one of the Bailies of Banf, Patric Blith, and Patric Duncansoun, burgess of the same, to the market cross of Banff; and the 20 day of the same month and year I passed with the said letters and these witnesses, Symon Spedor, Thomas Scot, Johne Fresar, John of Cowy, with others diverse, to the market cross of Elgin; the 22 day of the said month and year, I passed with the said letters and these witnesses, Thomas Scot, Johne Fresar, John Cowy, Archbald Broun, and John Terres, with others diverse, to the market cross of Forres; the 23 day of the moneth and year foresaid, I passed with the said letters and these witnesses, Thomas Scot, Johne Fresar, Johne Cowy, William Caldor, and Alane Thomsoun, burgess of Narne, with others diverse, to the market cross of Narne; and the same 23 day I passed with the said letters and these witnesses, Thomas Scot, Johne Fresar, Johne Cowy, Alexander Fleming, Alexander Rede, and Johnne Patersoun, burgess of Inverness, to the market cross of the same; and because I cowth not get certain verification nor know-

\* The earliest Pursuivant-at-arms—*Bluemantle*—recorded, is John Brice, gent, who was in office, under Richard VII., and “probably dispossessed,” according to Noble, in “History of College of Arms,” [4to, London, 1804; p. 93] probably the same.

ledge where to find nor apprehend personally William, Lord Crechtoun, I passed to all the boroughs forenamed, and at the market cross of the same, at days and before witnesses above exprimit, I summoned peremtourly by open proclamatioun the same William, Lord Crechtoun, and moreover, the penult day of the month and year foresaid, I passed with the said letters and these witnesses, Thomas Scot, Johnne Fresar, Johnne Cowy, William Johnnsoun, one of the Bailies of Thane, Thomas Rede, a Bailie of Cromarty, Mawnis Vans, burges of Invernes, and Alexander Sutherland, bruther and famuliar servitor to the said Lord Crechtoun, to the town of Thane in Ross, within the sheriffdom of Inverness foresaid, where the same Lord Crechtoun had his dwelling, as I was informed, in the Vicar's house of Thane; and at all the market crosses of the borowis before named, and vicar's house in Thane also foresaid, I summoned lawfully and peremptorily, in the name and authority of our Sovereign lord, the King, the said William, Lord Crechtoun, to compear personally before our forenamed Sovereign lord in his next Parliament, to be haldin at Edinburgh, on Thursday, the xix. day of the month of February next to come," &c. The foregoing notarial statement, though rather prolix, is interesting, both as showing the difficulties the "masar," or mace-bearer, acting as Sheriff-Substitute, and employed by the Sheriff of Edinburgh, had in serving the summons on Lord Crechtoun, in his distant place of concealment; and also the time he occupied in travelling northwards, through the different burghs of Aberdeen, Banff, Elgin, Forres, Nairn, and Inverness, until he finally succeeded in discovering the fugitive lord "in the town of Thane in Ross." All which arose from his inability to "get certane verificacioun nor knaulage quhar to fynd nor apprehend personally William, lord Crechtoun;" although when he had at last traced him to his residence at Tain, he was only able to serve the summons at the vicar's house there, without doing so personally, or apprehending him. He concludes the report of his proceedings at Tain, by stating that "in all the above within executioun I made Intimacioun that whether the said lord Crechtoun compearit or nocht at day and place to him lymyt with continuacioun of dais, Our Soveran lord nevertheless Justice passand before wald procede; and also of our soverane lord's lettres to me direct in this matter as said Is. I gaif the copy to the foresaid Alexander Sutherland, quhilk Requirit me proof on the behalf of the said lord Crechtoun, at Thane, the penult day of december above written." ["Act. Parl. Scot." ii., 159-160.] The expressions used are slightly modernised, but otherwise these extracts are literally copied, without alteration—the contractions being merely completed to render the meaning plainer. From the different names of the witnesses given, we learn those of several burgesses of our northern towns, nearly four centuries ago—"Jonne Patersoun" and "Mawnis Vans" (Magnus Vaus?), of Inverness, "Thomas Rede, a bailie of Cromaty," and "William Johnnsoun, one of the baillies of Thane." "William Caldor, at Narne," seems to have been the venerable Thane of Cawdor, or Calder, who flourished between the years 1467 and 1503, and was the last of the old race of Thaness, as well as of those who bore that ancient title in Scotland.\*

(To be Continued.)

\* Cosmo Innes. "The Book of the Thaness of Cawdor, 1236-1742." Spalding Club Edition. Edinburgh, 4to, 1859; *passim*.



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First Friday of each month set apart for reading MS. Magazine made up of original contributions supplied by the members during the month. This Periodical is afterwards circulated among the members. Second Friday—General business. Third Friday—Debates on Celtic subjects. Fourth Friday—Amusements; Gaelic and English songs, recitations, &c., varied by Highland dances, pipe music, and cognate subjects.

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CUSPAIR.—September 3, 1878—"Eachdraidh nan Seanna Ghaidheal," by Mr Duncan White.  
 October 1—"Innis Ghall," by Mr Norman Morrison. November 5—"Slainte," by Mr M. Macdonald.  
 December 3—"An Gaidheal 's a' bhaile-mhor," by Mr Henry Whyte. January 7, 1878—"Saobh-chràbhadh am measg nan Gaidheal," by Mr J. G. Mackay. February 4—"Land Tenure in the Highlands," by Mr W. L. Bogle. March 4—"Tuathanachas am measg nan Gaidheal," by Mr C. A. Walker.

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SYLLABUS, 1878-9.—September 27, 1878—Address, by the President. October 25—Mackinlay's Explorations in Australia, by Mr D. Whyte. November 29—Ossianic Poetry, and its allusions to Cowal Scenery, by Mr Archibald Brown. December 20—Railway Clearing House, by Mr D. Campbell. January 31, 1879—Druidism, by Mr Archibald Whyte. February 23—Poetry, by Mr D. D. Maclean. March 23—Depopulation of the Natives of Cowal during the present century, with a sketch of its Topography and Family Names, by Mr D. C. Maclean. April 25—General business meeting.

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*Patron* ——— *Vice-Patron*—George Sutherland of Forse*President*—George Munro, Elmbank Crescent *Ex-President*—John Matheson, yr. of Cordale.*Ordinary Directors*—George Macleod, 60 Ingram Street  
George Munro, 25 Elmbank Crescent  
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William Sinclair, 199 St Vincent Street  
Kenneth Macleod, Ingram Street  
John Macmillan, 70 Mitchell Street*Treasurer*—George Sinclair, 199 St Vincent Street*Secretary*—Martin Mackay, 89 West Regent Street

The Directors meet quarterly on the second Wednesday of January, April, July, and October in each year. The objects of the Society are entirely of a Benevolent character.

## FINGAL LODGE OF GOOD TEMPLARS—(FARDACH FHINN).

OFFICE-BEARERS.

D. Macpherson, D.G.W.C.T.  
D. Macinnes, W.C.T.D. Nicolson, W.S.  
J. Macphail, W.T.

Meets every Friday in the St Clair Hall, 25 Robertson Street, at 8 P.M. All business conducted in Gaelic.

## COMUNN TIR NAM BRANN, GLASGOW.

D. Macpherson, *President*  
D. Macinnes, *Vice-President*J. Nicholson, *Secretary*  
J. Macphail, *Treasurer**Directors*—A. Campbell, J. Macfadyen, J. Macphail, J. Campbell, and A. Macfadyen.

Gaelic Concerts held every Saturday in the Hall, 56 Carrick Street, from September to March inclusive, at 8 P.M.—D. Macpherson, Chairman.

## GLASGOW ARGYLLSHIRE SOCIETY—INSTITUTED IN 1851.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

*President*—James Alexander Campbell of Strathro*Treasurer*—Colin Campbell, 8 Bothwell Street, Glasgow*Ordinary Directors*—Lachlan Cowan  
Samuel Dow, Junr.  
Rev. Robert BlairAlexander C. Hunter  
Donald Ross  
John B. WrightJohn Macmillan  
Neil Sinclair  
And. Galbraith

The above are also Trustees.

*Secretary*—Duncan Macdougall, Solicitor, 302 Buchanan Street, Glasgow

The objects of the Society are to offer pecuniary relief to its Ordinary Members and their Families, and other persons connected with the County of Argyll by birth, marriage, or otherwise, who may be in necessitous circumstances; and also to give assistance—in such way as may be considered proper—in the promotion and extension of education among poor children connected with Argyllshire, whether resident there or in Glasgow. Annual Contribution by Ordinary Members—Three Guineas.

[We propose publishing the Directory of Celtic Societies annually in future, and we shall esteem it a favour if the above Societies, and others who have not this year supplied us with the necessary information, will kindly aid us in making the next one more perfect and complete.]

## WILLIAM JOLLY, H.M.I.S., ON TEACHING GAELIC IN SCHOOLS.

In his official report to the Education Department, Mr Jolly writes as follows :—

Gaelic has gained large attention of late, and is a subject of great importance, involving as it does the question of the right use in schools of the daily language of 300,000 of our people. Having given it some study, I would briefly state the conclusions at which I have arrived regarding it :—

1. In Highland schools, we ought to read English first, as the language of trade, commerce, current literature, and general intercourse, necessary for success in life, and desired universally by Highlanders themselves. There are some theoretic grounds for learning to read the native tongue before a foreign one, but the question in this case is one of what is most expedient, and in the end most successful, in regard to both languages, in the short school-life of Highland children; and the idea of reading Gaelic first is only entertained by a few enthusiasts. English being foreign and more difficult, it could not be acquired to any purpose if one or two years of the five or six of school life were first devoted to another language. If school time is short enough for English-speaking children, with all their advantages, to gain even a meagre power over it, why allow less time to a Gaelic child to learn it, to whom it is a foreign tongue? But by beginning with English, Gaelic may be read with ease in a short time, when a child is able to read English, for he has merely to apply the power of reading which he has acquired to the language he knows and uses. So that the end of the enthusiasts would itself be gained by the more rational method, while increased power over English would also be obtained.

2. Gaelic should be used orally in the teaching of English from the first, in order to get at and train the intelligence of Gaelic children, and to make the teaching of English more thorough. Of the wisdom of this course in all possible cases, there cannot be one moment's doubt, for it is an application of the universal educational axiom of teaching the unknown through and by the known, and it is especially necessary in the present case. This should be done, not only in regard to words, but in regard to the matter of the lessons. In the case of infant-school lessons to purely Gaelic speaking children, Gaelic would require to be used exclusively at first, if the work is to be in any way intelligent. But in all cases care should be taken to use English more and more, so as to give the children increasing power over it, the amount of English used being, of course, determined by the extent of their knowledge of it. There is a tendency with many Highland teachers to use Gaelic too much, on account, no doubt, of the greater ease and pleasure of using it. This retards progress, however, and should be guarded against. Even those who wish Gaelic "stamped out" (and there are not a few Highlanders who have strong views on this point), could best effect their object by a judicious cultivation of Gaelic in teaching English, so as to train the intelligence through it; because the more English is intelligently understood and used by Gaelic children, the sooner will it become the general speech of the people, and the sooner, therefore, will Gaelic die. So that both the friends and enemies of Gaelic have an interest in using it for training intelligence.

3. The importance of Gaelic literature as an instrument of education and culture to the Gaelic people should be recognised in the teaching of Gaelic children. It is in and by the mother tongue of a people alone, with its thousand memories of home and youth, play and friendship, nature and religion, and with its countless avenues to the deeper feelings, that the education of the heart and the higher nature can be truly carried on; it is by it alone that sentiment, feeling, devotion, and even the higher intellect can be really trained. And the mother tongue becomes a stronger instrument of culture when it contains a good and generous literature. Our school education should look beyond the little time spent within school walls to the after education of the man, and give him the power of pursuing this, by the use of the literature that appeals to and is best able to penetrate and mould his nature and touch its deeper springs. No foreign literature, however splendid, can do this. It must be done through the language of home, youth, love, and daily life, if there is a literature in that tongue. And such a literature exists in Gaelic, able to perform this higher function to the Highlander, abundant, varied, and powerful, full of fine sentiment, pleasant humour, lyrical beauty, deep feeling, practical wisdom, and natural life.

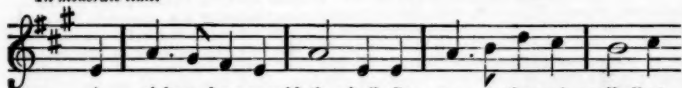
In a closing paragraph, Mr Jolly says that this question in no way touches

the other question of the desirability or otherwise of Gaelic dying out as a spoken tongue, which in many ways would be an advantage to the people:—

The teaching of it intelligently would not retard that certain issue of national life one single hour—it would undoubtedly hasten it. But while Gaelic is spoken, while it is the hourly language of nearly half-a-million of our people, and while it is used by many more, it would seem to be but simple justice, if not higher wisdom, to recognise this fact, and to act upon it in our schools.

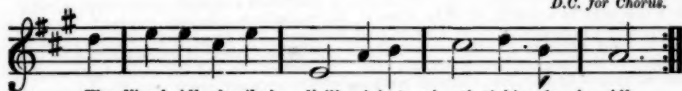
### HO-RO MO NIGH'N DONN BHOIDHEACH.

*In moderate time.*



A nighean donn nam blath - shuil, Gur og a thug mi gradh dhut—  
Chorus—Ho - ro mo nigh'n donn bhoidheach, Hi ri mo nigh'n donn bhoidheach,

*D.C. for Chorus.*



Tha d'iamhaidh ghaoil a's d'aillseachd, A ghnath tigh'n'n fo m' uidh.  
Mo chailleag laghach bhoidheach, Co phosainn ach thu?

KEY A.

: s: | d :- t: | l: s: | d :- | s: s: | d :- r | f: m | r: - | m

*D.C. for Chorus.*

: f | s : s | m : s | s: - | d : r | m : - | f :- r | d: - | - ||

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal,  
Gu bheil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort;  
'S ged chaidh mi uait air faondradh,  
Cha chaochail mo run.

Ho-ro, &c.

'N uair bha mi ann ad lathair,  
Bu shona bha mo laithean:—  
A' sealbhachadh do mhanrain,  
A's aille do ghuais.

Ho-ro, &c.

Gnuis aoidheil, bhanail, mhalda  
Na h-oigh a's caoimhe nadar;  
I suairec, ceanail, baigheil,  
Lan grais agns muira.

Ho-ro, &c.

Ach riamh o 'n dh'fhag mi t' fhiamuis,  
Gu bheil mi dubbach, cianail;  
Mo chridhe trom ga phianadh  
Le iarguin do ruin.

Ho-ro, &c.

Ge lurch air a' chabhair  
Na mnathan oga Gallda,  
A righ! gur beag mo gheall-a'  
Air bhi' sealltainn 'n an gnuis.

Ho-ro, &c.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh,  
Far bheil mo ribhinn gheannar,  
Mar ros am fasach Shamhraidh,  
An gleann fad' o shuil.

Ho-ro, &c.

Ach 'n uair a thig an Samhradh,  
Bheir mise sgriob do 'n ghleann ud,  
'S gu 'n tog mi leam do 'n Ghalldachd,  
Gu h-annasail, am flur.

Ho-ro, &c.

NOTE.—“Ho-ro mo nighean donn bhoidheach” is so well known throughout the Highlands that it is unnecessary to say anything in its praise in now presenting it to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*.  
W. M'K.